



P R E F A C E.

THE EDITOR and COLLECTOR of the following POEMS does not conceive it necessary to make any apology for what he has done; but arrogates to himself the right of some attention for the collecting of such pieces as would have died upon their births: although the productions of the best poets and men of genius for the last twenty years.

One would imagine the compositions of such men had not required any person's vigilance to preserve them—that their own merits had been sufficient to have insured them perpetuity: but

A

when

when they come into the wide world, like the Ephemeron on a sunny day, to attract the admiration of the curious, they require some careful hand to preserve their beauties for a future examination. This hath been the attentive labour of the Editor.

Perhaps no people are so careless of their fugitive natural children as poets : they rhyme as subjects strike the fancy, or as their friends request, and these compositions they give and distribute without a thought to fame or themselves : by which means, they often sink in eternal oblivion, or moulder away in the scented drawers of some partial admirer's bureau. Every mechanic that makes a wheel, or a pen ; every musician that thrums an instrument, or composes a very discord ; who never felt on his ear, or produced with breath or finger a diapason, shall yet meet with ears as dull as his own execution, and hands to even reward his jargons ; while the heaven inspired bard shall be coolly thanked for his sonnet, elegy,

elegy, epithilamium and epitaph. No value is placed on the labours of the poet's mind: but the dullest villain of a lawyer shall be paid for drawing a deed, though the errors it contains may lose the client an estate.

If this observation is obsolete, nevertheless it was the case with *Homer* and *Milton*; and hath been the equal fate of *Cunningham*, *Smart*, and *Lloyd*. The first lived and died in obscurity, and even with the labour of acting scarce existed. The second wrote an elegant epithalamium on the marriage of *Lord Warkworth* and *Lady Susan Stuart*, for which he was generously rewarded with *five guineas*. The third died of grief in the Fleet-prison on the death of his beloved friend *Churchill*, whose generosity had been his support in his wretched state of confinement.

The man whom the God of Wit hath enlightened with divine Poesy, does not tread the earth like common men; his ideas are elevated

above the ordinary level of mortality ; and while those of humbler minds prowl and labour for wealth, he dissolves his hours in a fine phrenzy and heavenly contemplation. If the progenitors of such men have not provided them with abundance, inattention to the means of subsistence brings them to distress and misery. *Butler* and *Otway* asked for bread, and *Savage* perished. If prudence, that worldly, vulgar virtue, never falls to the share of the man of wit and science, it behoves the dull and uninformed to support the genius, whose mind is too elevated and refined to lose time on the necessary attentions due to his existence : and if men of business would weigh with equal ardour the abilities of the poet with their plumbs, they would give from the close-locked drawer what would do them honour, and benefit human nature in general. But men whose souls are cribb'd and cabbin'd, cannot be inspired with generosity by precept : genius must be poor, and fools and knaves will be rich.

In

P R E F A C E

In *Pagan* lands the Seer is revered even to admiration ; and the followers of *Mahomet* respect with a superstitious awe even the fool ; from a true principle of humanity—that the two are equally unable to maintain themselves. The one is above stooping to a groveling business, that may take him from his studies and reflections ; and the other is incapacitated : for the one Heaven hath done too much ; for the other, too little.

But this is a maze, in which, if I wander further, I must be bewildered. I shall therefore premise, that my intentions have been in this collection to preserve the best fugitive compositions, that have been wandering about the world, till I opened this asylum for their reception ; wherein the verses of the following authors will be read to the latest period of time.

Mr. Churchill,

Mr. Wilkes,

Mr. Cunningham,

Mr. Colman,

Mr. Sheridan,

Mrs. Greville,

Mr. Erskine,

Mr. M'Millan,

Hon.

Hon. Cha. Townsend,	Mr. Sterne,
Mr. Lloyd,	Lord Carlisle,
Mr. Gray,	Mrs. Lennox,
Mr. Mason,	Mr. P. Whitehead,
Mr. Jerningham,	Mr. Stockdale,
Mrs. Montague,	Mr. Smart,
Capt. Thompson.	Mr. Hill,
Mr. Ansty,	Mr. Vaughan,
Dean Berkley,	Hon. Charles Fox,
Mr. Thornton,	Miss Aikin,
Mr. Kelly,	Mr. W. Whitehead,
Mr. Garrick,	Mr. George Caswal,
Mr. Ogilvie,	Dr. Goldsmith,
Mrs. Carter,	Sir C. H. Williams,
Mr. Schomberg,	Mr. S. Jennyns,
Mr. Woty,	Lord Palmerston, &c.
Mr. C. Dennis,	

As no palace can be approached without a Master of Ceremonies, and no book brought forward without a Dedication, I beg to give that which *Philips* intended for his *Splendid Skilling*, and for the best reason in the world,—because it is better than any I can write.

Mr.

*Mr. John Philips's designed Dedication to his Poem called THE
SPLENDID SHILLING, to Wm. Brome Esq. of Ewist-
ington, in the County of Hereford.*

S I R,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time, mottos, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first usher'd in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley. Let us therefore at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem. Especially since in this age, dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one, is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a practice of piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their booksellers; some for want of a sublimary patron to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-peck'd writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! but while I talk so much of other mens patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, Sir, are a person more tender of other mens reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shew'd to my fingers ends when you gave me a Tobacco-stopper, you would blush and be confounded with your just praises. How much more
would

would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of my poem is, myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have took particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? That so raise our ideas of the things they are apply'd to? That are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say, *Avia pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money, and was finished when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's house to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an Essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by

S I R, your most obliged

and humble Servant

16 JY 63

J. PHILIPS.

C O N T E N T S

OF THE

F I R S T V O L U M E.

ON a lady who died of a consumption, written by her husband	Page 1
An extempore epigram, by a school boy,	2
On the marriages of Mr. Heartly to Miss Lavender, and of Mr. Stepney to Miss Champaigne,	3
The ass and crown	ibid
The Tanner's wedding, an impromptu	4
Epigram on a 'squire who miss'd his dog,	ibid
Paul's epistle to the Med'nhamites. By W. P.	5
Prologue to the Hobby-horse. By G. Colman,	7
Lines on Hogarth. By C. Churchill,	8
Sonnet. On the war,	9
On the death of major Alderton. By Capt. Thompson,	10
On the tragedy of Cyrus,	ibid
On Wadham College,	11
On a lady's sporting a Somerset. By Sterne,	ibid
A Madame du Bocage, imitated. By Capt. Thompson,	12
To Miss Bosville	ibid
To Colman, on his Terence. By Garrick	13
Epigram, on the double mistake,	ibid
To a lady fond of Quadrille. By Capt. Thompson	14
Lines by Mr. G. Caswall,	ibid
On Osborne the bookseller,	ibid
Vol. I.	S On

258 C O N T E N T S.

On an ill-matched couple,	15
Lines to Pope. By the Bishop of Gloucester,	ibid
On the duke of Marlborough	16
Epigram. By C. Churchill,	ibid
Description of Lisbon and Cyntra. By Capt. Thompson,	17
Modern poetry. By Mc. Millan,	27
Dorinda. By Mr. Fitzpatrick	28
Eliza's answer to * *,	33
Epitaph on Hogarth	35
The English justice,	ibid
Verses to Lady Bridget Lane,	36
On the impromptu to the D—s of Queensberry,	37
On a lady in the mask of a judge. By Lord Palmerston,	38
Lines to a lady of Ipswich,	41
Character of the English,	42
The actor's epitome,	43
A prophetic prologue. By Mr. Garrick,	44
The dying lover,	46
The rose,	47
Barton grove,	48
On a widow's tomb,	49
On the D—s of Devonshire,	ibid
To Mr. B——, at Bath,	50
To Dolly Twist,	ibid
On confinement for debt,	51
Epigram. By Hon. C. Townsend,	53
Bon-hill. By Capt. Thompson,	54
Epigram. By Co. and Co.	57
Vaux-	

C O N T E N T S.

259

Vauxhall nightingals,	57
On Miss Wright in Daphne,	58
On Derrick. By Capt. Thompson,	ibid
A flosculous epigram,	59
On Powell's Posthumus	ibid
To Mr. Charles Denis	60
Lines to Mr. Scot,	61
Dumbarton Ferry,	ibid
Sailor's soliloquy	63
Sailor's mistress,	ibid
Character of a Cornish 'squire,	64
On a print of a Roman senator. By J. W.	66
Epigram on Thompson. By C. Churchill,	67
Ode of Anacreon,	ibid
On Shakespeare,	68
Diversity of mankind,	69
On a grey-hound,	ibid
On the new edition of Shakespeare	70
On the same,	ibid
A tale. By Dr. Parnell,	71
An invocation,	74
On Taylor's pictures. By Mr. Garrick	75
From a crooked gentleman to a strait lady,	ibid
Disappointment. By E. Thompson,	77
The withered rose. By Cunningham,	78
Verses on a window,	79
To the Rev. Mr. B.	80
On the death of Ned Purdon. By Goldsmith,	81

Verfes to a lady. By lord Carlifle	81
Verfes to Celia,	83
On the arts and fciences. By Dean Berkeley,	84
The deferted town,	86
Nottingham ale,	88
Shakefpear's bedfide,	90
Ad filium meum,	93
To Cœlia,	95
On Voltaire,	97
Ode to friendship,	98
Sonnet to a lady who took the author's poems,	100
The tower and ivy,	102
The loft fhepherds,	105
A character,	108
Verfes in the pump-room at Bath,	110
The lawyers,	111
Prologue to Cato, fpoken by the king,	113
An invocation to health,	114
The patriots,	119
Epigram, from Martial,	120
The day of judgement. By Mc, Millan,	121
To the memory of Mr. Burgh, by Capt. Thompson,	124
The tear,	122
A little Ode. On a little woman frying bacon,	125
Verfes to Mifs D— in Norway,	126
To Mrs. Crewe, by Mr. C. Fox	130
Homer humbled	131
To general Gage,	132
Dr. Delany's Villa. By Dr. Sheridan	133
Verfes	

C O N T E N T S.

261

Verfes to Clara Haywood	135
The rofe and lily. To Lord W.	136
Prologue. Spoken at Portsmouth. By P. Stockdale,	137
All fongs are alike,	139
On Lord Stormont's lofing his St. Andrew,	140
Farewell to Town. By Mr. Pope,	141
On Lord North's being Chancellor of Oxford	143
The portrait,	144
The fickle heart of a woman,	146
Ode. On Wilkes's election,	148
Tears of Ifis,	150
To the author of the Idyllium to the bifhop of St. Afaph,	152
On a miftaken attachment,	154
Written in Lord Oxford's library. By Soame Jenyns,	157
Shakespeare in the fhades,	159
To Lady B— T —. On the Matrimonial vow,	162
A taylor's epigram,	ibid
On Lady Townfhend's picture,	163
On a lady's reproving the author for converfing with her at a diftance. By Mr. Vaughan,	ibid
Song. On the Quebec bill,	164
Flaminius's hymn to Apollo,	166
On the imprifonment of 3 printers,	167
On the death of Lord Holland,	ibid
To Mrs. Cr—t—ell at Bath,	168
On a faded rofe, worn by Mrs. B.	ibid
Stanzas on May,	169
A cafe. By the late Mr. Mc. Millan,	170
	Billet

Billet from Capt. Roach to Mrs. Rudd,	171
To Clara. From Oxford,	173
Epitaph for one who would be buried on a hill,	175
An echo,	176
The Rev. Mr. F.— To Mr. J. C.	178
The game of cricket,	179
On Garrick in Don John. By P. Stockdale,	182
Elegy on the death of Lord Lyttleton,	185
On the marriage of Mr. Long to Miss Broad,	
By T. Vaughan,	187
On Wilkes and Lord Talbot,	ibid
Lines in the temple of Dido at Stowe,	190
To Miss M— of Edinburgh,	191
To Miss Louisa Belville,	193
From a lady dying of a consumption. To her husband,	194
A new ballad on Bath,	195
On Miss B. leaving London. By Mr. Pope,	
To Fitz—l—d,	198
The sea voyage,	199
Tea destroyed at Boston. A song,	202
To the Hon. Charles Hazard,	204
The monk and jew,	206
On Garrick's leaving the stage,	208
On the burial of Miss Lance,	210
Epitaph on Dr. Nugent,	ibid
On Butler's monument,	211
Epitaph on Miss Burton. By J. Foote,	213
Leander to Hero. By Capt. Thompson,	213
To	

C O N T E N T S.

	263
To her who knows it to be designed for her,	215
Lambeth Ferry,	218
O my Yankee. A new Song,	220
Tom and Betty,	222
The picture,	224
The lady's lap-dog,	226
Song, to Flavia,	227
Epitaph on Sir W. Williams. By Mr. Gray,	229
Description of the king of Denmark's masque.	
By Capt. Thompson,	230
To the memory of miss Peach. By the same,	233
The reprisals,	234
Ode to fashion,	235
To the D---fs of Devonshire by Lord Carlisle,	237
To Mr. Mortimer on his paintings. By E. Thompson,	238
To some Oxford Ladies,	240
Epitaph on a dog,	242
On Colman's Terence,	ibid
A nuptial song,	243
Lines given at a masque,	244
Reynard's disappointment,	245
To Miss --- in the Walnut-tree walk,	246
On Lord March's marriage to Lady Harriot,	248
Stanhope. By Capt. T.	249
On a Cornish Borough,	ibid
Translation from Buondelmonte. By Mr. Gray,	251
To Miss Donaldson, at Drontheim,	252
On the times,	256

16 JY 63

C O N T E N T S

OF THE

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

	Page
W ashing week. By Capt. Thompson,	1
Albany. A monody. By the same	4
Platonic love,	6
Ode to love,	8
In fomnum,	10
Death and the doctor. By P. Whitehead,	11
The torpid lover,	12
On seeing the Cozeners,	14
Epitaph in a country church-yard,	ibid
On seeing Mr. Garrick at the Theatre,	15
On a much talk'd of marriage,	16
Reflection, an elegy,	20
On Delia sleeping	22
Fame; an ode,	23
Love; a jeu d'esprit,	27
Ode to the Lark,	28
An author's address to his bed,	29
On a fribble,	31
On Sir Geo. Warren losing his George,	33
Verses on the wall of an Inn,	ibid
On Dryden's bust being thrown down,	34

T

On

On Miss A. Drummond. By Mr. Mason,	35
Lines to Mrs. Mahon,	36
A jeu d'esprit. By the dean of Derry,	ibid
On General Gage,	39
A sea song,	40
On a lady's picture. An epigram,	41
On Taylor's pictures. By Mr. Garrick,	42
An accomplish'd woman,	43
An elegy,	45
An ode to Miss S— M— of York-buildings,	46
Love epistles. Lais, by Mr. Sheridan, &c.	48
Epistle 2d. the pleasing constraint,	55
Epistle 4th. The experiment,	57
Epistle 7th. The disappointment,	61
Epistle 11th. The artful maid,	65
Epistle 12th. The enraptur'd lover,	67
Epistle 13th. The sagacious doctor,	74
Epistle 16th. The bashful lover,	80
Epistle 17th. The haughty beauty.	82
On Miss Tempest singing,	84
Hymn to the morn,	ibid
Pangs of love,	86
Hymn to Janus. By Mr. Cunningham,	87
The modern traveller,	89
Verses to a lady, with Shakespeare,	90
Epigram. By Prior,	94
Mr. Pope's welcome from Greece. By Mr. Gay,	95
Reflections on a clean shirt,	102
	To

C O N T E N T S.

275

To General Conway on his being Secretary of State,	106
"The strolling player,	107
Mr. Langhorne to M.— Eli. de Beaumont,	111
On a lady's being troubled with St. Vitus's dance,	112
On the Scotch pavement,	ibid
Elegy on a tallow candle,	119
Epitaph on a young woman,	114
On a lady wearing patches by the Rev. G. Caswal,	115
Sonnet. On the Operas,	ibid
On Lloyd's Opera. By C. Churchill,	117
On the 30th of November,	ibid
To the prince of Orange. By E. Waller,	118
To the Lucretia of Whitney,	120
Doll and Roger. An epigram,	121
Chloe, a song. By Mr. H. Kelly,	122
The poetical moralist. By the same,	123
A thunder storm. By Mr. Hope,	124
Verfes from Lord Chesterfield, to his son,	126
Will of Nath. Lloyd,	127
The charactristicks of a gooc wife,	129
Epitaph. By Dryden, for his wife,	131
Elegy on Mrs. Bowes. By L— M— W. Montague,	132
Verfes on the elegy,	133
Answer to Lady Mary's verfes,	ibid
Good-humour. By Lord Lyttleton,	134
The stage coach,	135
An old batchelor's will,	137
Felton and Curtius,	138

The tim-whisky. By Capt. T—	139
Hymn to prosperity. By Miss S. Carter,	143
Tunbridge verses by Mr. C. Fox,	145
Twilight,	146
The parting,	147
Sonnet to Mr. Wharton,	149
Rhapsody on taste. By Lord Carlisle,	150
Mrs. Barry's address. By Mr. Garrick,	152
From a M. S. dated in 1649,	153
To Mrs. Lacey. A toast,	154
Censure of the world. An elegy,	155
The contrast, a vision. To Lord Stanley,	157
An epistle from a midshipman,	162
The garrulous man. By Mr. Schomberg,	164
The nymph of the hill. To Miss Pearce,	171
Providence,	173
The delicate compliance, By Mr. H. Kelly,	174
To Humanity, an ode. By the same,	175
The silent conversation. By the same,	177
Sally Hayes. By the same,	178
The rose and butterfly. By Mr. Cunningham,	180
Love prov'd lunacy,	182
Liberty,	184
To fancy,	188
The Red-breast,	190
Elegy, in a garden. By Mr. Mason,	192
On a faded rose, worn By Mrs. B—. By Mr. V—	196
Additional lines to the Ghost. By C. Churchill,	197
On	

C O N T E N T S.

On an edition of Shakespeare. By Jenyns,	197
Lines to Woty. By Mr. Stockdale,	198
The Wonder. An epigram,	199
Elegy on the death of a linnet. By Mr. Stockdale,	200
A sailor to his mistress,	211
On the death of the butter-woman's horse. By Mr. Fowkes,	213
An epigram,	215
A female character,	ibid
On Mr. Pitt,	ibid
Stanzas. To Mr. Jackson,	216
Ode to the River Lodon,	217
The state quacks,	218
Collin and Jenny. A song,	219
Epigram. By John Wilkes, esq.	222
To Goldsmith. By Woty,	223
Verses on a window,	224
On the death of the D—s of Queenberry,	225
Meditation. By H. Kelly,	226
The injured husband,	230
On two sisters. By Aaron Hill,	231
The sportsman. A sonnet,	232
Conjugis pictura,	233
Rhymes, with ribbands,	234
The rose and lilly,	236
Epitaph on H. Dunch. By Waller,	237
Rival beauties, from Rufinus,	238
On the death of the Rev. Mr. Eccles,	239
	In

In obitum Francisci Fawkes,	240
Ode to memory. By W. Woty,	241
Epitaph, on Lady Cocklaw,	244
Characters of Granville, and Harrifon. By the Rev. Dr. Young,	245
Epitaph. On Burton, Comedian,	248
A fable, on Folly, and Ignorance,	ibid
Death of Alico. By B. Edwards,	249
Ode to a young lady. By the same,	252
Epitaph. On a dead Parrot,	ibid
On a lady, publishing other's verses as her own,	253
A Druid ode,	254
On the jewel falling from the crown,	257
To the memory of a natural child,	258
The lasfs of Tylgarfely,	259
Order of the world,	260
Lines to a lady,	261
Monkish distich. By Dr. Burton,	262
To Mrs. Deborah Thompson.	ibid
The miracle. By C. Denis,	263
Epitaph on Capt. Male,	267
Sonnet. By Mr. Mafon,	268
Epitaph to Mr. C. Denis,	269
To Lesbia. By the same. 16 JY 63	270
An Impromptu. Walking by Moonlight,	271
To the memory of H. Fielding,	272

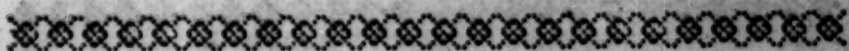
E R R A T A:

- page 5, for *ber* tide, read *his*
13, for *finche*, read *fiſhe*
112, for *Vetus's*, read *Vitus's*
117, for *death*, read *dearib*
135, for *adda*, read *adds*
165, for *chee*, read *chear*
182, for *diſcertion*, read *diſcretion*
198, for written and tranſlated *by*, read *to*
215, for *jacet*, read *jaçant*

E R A T A

16 JY 63

MUSE'S MIRROR.



E P I T A P H.

On a LADY who died of a Consumption at Bristol Wells.

Written by her HUSBAND.

WHOE'ER like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs :
Whoe'er like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour those salutary springs in vain :
Condemn'd like me to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye ;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair the short'ning breath ;—
If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the part'ner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest,
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship,—and her friendship love.

B

But

But yet, rememb'ring thus the parting sigh,
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die.
 The starting tear I check'd,—I kifs'd the rod,
 And not to earth resign'd her,—but to God.

May 1773.



The following scholastick anecdote, though well known, hath never been told on paper. A class at a public school had the following theme given for an exercise :—" And " he changed water into wine." One of the boys of the form had been negligent and truant, and not having done his task, the master ordered him to be had up and flogged—he gave him one cut with the rod—when the youth expecting a continuation of the severity, cried out, " Sir, I have finish'd the theme—"

" *Lympha pudica Deum vidit---et erebuit.*"

" The water blush'd—and own'd the God."

The elegance of this extempore Epigram needs no further Panegyrick.

On

On the marriages of Mr. Heartly to Miss Lavender; and
of Mr. Stephney to Miss Champaigne, Jan. 1768.

THREE happy Heartley, who at once could gain
A wife of beauty, *Lavender*, and joy:
And Stephney sparkling o'er his rich *Champaigne*,
With such a friend and bottle cannot cloy.

E. T.

To an Inn-keeper on the western Road, who hangs
out the Sign of the Ass and CROWN.

REPLY mine host to hapless England's rhimes,
Pray is thy sign a satire on the times?

For none upon the Western road can pass,
But see a Crown supported by an Ass:

And since the picture with these times don't suit,
What mean'st thou host by crowning of a brute?

So dull a beast all genius must disown,

And yet you clap upon his head a crown:

Who would have thought such things could come to pass?

A *Lion's diadem* to fit an Ass!

B 2

An

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

An IMPROMTU, in 1768;
By G—— C——, Esq. upon a lady in the Borrough, being married to a Tanner.

THE bridegroom he is a stout tanner;
From the Borrough forth came the young bride;
But when he gets into the Borrough,
Oh! how he will tan her young hide.

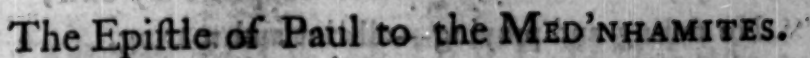
G. C.

EPIGRAM,

On a country 'Squire who kifs'd his dog—and turn'd on
his beautiful wife.

WHAT various passions rule the human race,
Dice, horses, dogs, cards, music, and the chace:
Wou'd one believe, there's such a brute in life?
James kifs'd his hound, and turn'd upou his wife!

The



Quoth I, Mr. Devil, 'tis all a pretence ;—
If righteousness gives you such mighty offence ;
Would not Med'nham's walls many saints more supply ?
Twelve brothers---and all---full as righteous as I ?
Why on me, then alone, should your vengeance thus fall ;
Why not Thomas, or Francis, as well as St. Paul ?
On Aylesbury John, why your anger not place,
Who, all must allow is so brimful of grace ?

- " D'ye think, reply'd Satan, I'm grown such an owl,
 " To mistake my own children, tho' skreen'd in a cowl?
 " All their merits I tell you, to me are well known,
 " Keep you but away, the whole chapter's my own;
 " No fasting and praying---all riot and roaring,
 " Such swearing, blaspheming, such drinking and whoring,
 " It will make my heart glad their devotions to hear,
 " (For, to tell you the truth, I design to be there)
 " Now my sport might be marr'd by your soul-saving-
 " sample,
 " Should the brothers all follow your pious example,
 " But keep you away, I secure all the flock,
 " For one scabby sheep often spoils a whole flock."

If 'tis so, Mr. Satan, your favour to win,
 Let me go—and no brother shall beat me in sin;
 To your service alone my retreat I'll devote—
 Nay—for abbot, (who knows) I may give my vote.
 —If not—tho' you chance to be chose by the rest—
 Against the whole conclave, by G——, I'll protest.
 " Kifs my a——, (cry'd old Nick,) do you think I'll be
 " flamm'd----
 " Stay at home and be fav'd--they shall go and be d--n'd."

P. W.

Pro-



Prologue to the HOBBY HORSE*.

Written by G. COLMAN, Esq. and spoken by Mr.
BENSLEY.

SO strange the humours of the human race,
The mind has more complections than the face :
Each as he likes some HOBBY HORSE bestrides,
On which, once mounted, all his life he rides.
Advent'rous youths the gallant *war-horse* charms,
And bears them forth to deeds of blood and arms ;
Like Rosinantè carries them astray,
And with our modern Quixots runs away.
Jockies their triumphs at New-market boast,
And with the *race-horse* enter at the post :
Statesmen, the *great horse* mount ; despise all sport,
And paw in the grand manage of a court,
Females hunt after whist, quadrille, and loo,
And on side saddles mount their HOBBIES too.
Our poet, who long walk'd the quarter-deck,
Whom no fears damp, no lukewarm cautions check,

* This farce was the first dramatic production of Capt. E. Thompson, and being played for a benefit, had not that attention shewed to the representation as such pieces require ; in consequence thereof, not meeting a very warm reception, it was never performed again.

Like Neptune's Triton sounds his shell, and braves
 On a *sea-horse* the fury of the waves :
 On shore too vaults on Pegasus' his back,
 Like a Tarpaulin on a Portsmouth hack :
 Turns Yorkshire dealer, and now brings for sale
 A rough wild colt, but blood from head to tail,
 Yet though unbroke, unbitted, he appear,
 And all unfit to run this hard career,
 Next season, better train'd, he'll tread the course,
 Do you but now approve the HOBBY HORSE .



*On Hogarth's Print of Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in
 Painting. Written by Mr. C. Churchill when at Mr.
 Dell's, in Kew-foot Lane, April 18, 1764.*

ALL must old Hogarth's gratitude declare,
 Since he has nam'd old *Chaos* for his heir :
 And while his works hang round that anarchy's throne,
 The connoisseurs will take them for his own.



A S O N N E T,

On the Report of another War, in 1764.

I.

HOW I suffer'd awake, how I suffer'd in dream,
How I suffer'd for thee when a cruizing the seas ;
But the sea of my bosom is chang'd to the stream,
My sailer's arriv'd, and my soul is at ease.

II.

O hear my petition, thou stern god of sea,
Do not tear my dear sailer again from my side !
'Tis beauty complains, she implores it of thee,
O hear me, you know she cannot be denied.

III.

If Cupid, that tyrant, superior to you,
Decrees he must go, I submit with a tear :
But pray tell that god if he lov'd as I do,
He'd feel what I feel : and he'd let him stay here.

N.



To the Memory of Major Alderton, who was twice run thro' the body, and once shot : who for bravery, charity, and generosity, few equal'd, and none excell'd.

By CAPT. THOMPSON.

SO Death the old Stager
 Hath trip'd up the Major :
 But who such a pusher could parry ?
 He twice ran him thro',
 Before it would do ;
 But now, he's as dead as old Harry.



Extempore on seeing Hoole's Tragedy of Cyrus.

MASTER Hoole,
 Thou'rt not a fool :
 But, do not tire us
 More with Cyrus.

S.

On

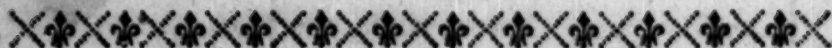
*On the College of Wadham at Oxford being insured from
Fire, after a Member had been suspected of an unnatural
Crime.*

WELL did the amorous sons of Wadham,
Their house secure from future flame;
They knew their crime, the crime of Sodom,
And judg'd their punishment the same.

On a Lady's sporting a Somerset.

By the Facetious LAWRENCE STERNE.

I Saw, I saw, I know not what,
I saw a dash above a dot,
Presenting to my contemplation
A perfect mark of admiration!



A Madame du Bocage.

By M. de VOLTAIRE.

J'AVOIS fait un vœu téméraire
De chanter un jour à la fois
Les graces, l'esprit, l'art de plaire,
Le talent d'unir, sous ses loix
Le Dieu du Pinde & de Cythère ;
Sur cet objet fixant mon choix,
Je cherchois ce rare assemblage ;
Nul autre ne puet me toucher ;
Mais je vis hier du Bocage,
Et je n'eus plus rien à chercher.

Imitated, and addressed to the fair Miss Bosville.

HOW rash is the vow which thy poet hath made,
Without the assurance of wit to his aid ;
At once to attempt in one woman to find
The graces of person, the charms of the mind :
In one to unite, and in one to approve
The wise god of verse, and the gay god of love :
Having settled my choice on an object like this,
In vain did I view every matron and miss ;
Until beauteous BOSVILLE appear'd in full feather,
And out-did the MUSES and GRACES together.

E. T.

Lines

Lines written by Mr. Garrick, Dec. 20, 1765, at Hampton,
in Colman's Translation of Terence.

JOY to my friend, as English wit
Which Johnson, Congreve, Vanbrugh write,
Thy Terence shall be known:
Joy to myself! for all the fame
Which ever shall attend thy name,
I feel as half my own.

E P I G R A M,

On the Double Mistake, and the Motto to it, "*Depressa Resurgam*": by CAPT. THOMPSON:

THE half of depressa—resurgam—omit,
If you think you're rising—by G—you are bit.

To

*To a LADY fond of the Game of QUADRILLE. By the
same.*

TO cards the fair dame is so very a slave,
That when death calls her soul from the land,
Should three but sit down to quadrille on her grave,
She would rise with the vole in her hand.

*By the Rev. Mr. GEORGE CASWELL, to his Friend,
in 1766.*

IF to be born a poet, and a tar,
Can place thee, dearest Ned, in Merit's car;
To thee belong, e'en Envy must allow,
The sword of Pallas, and Apollo's bow.

*On the Death of TOM OSBORNE the Bookseller, in Sept.
1766.*

OF a dull heavy folio, here rests the last page,
And what is more true, the best half:
It had nothing within it, informing or sage,
'Twas unletter'd and bound up in calf.

On an ill-match'd Couple in Cornwall, Mr. CAREW,
and his beautiful LADY.

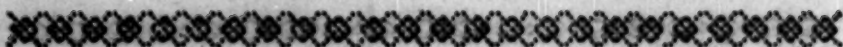
THAT maxim of matches being made up in heaven,
This marriage I'm sure must confute :
No God lent a hand, it was made up in Devon,
An angel was wed to a brute.

*Lines written by the Bishop of Gloucester on Mr. Pope's
Monument in Twickenham Church.*

Here lies one who refused to be interred in Westminster-
Abbey.

Poeta Loquitur.

HEROES and Kings your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep ;
Who never flatter'd folks like you ;
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too !



The Great John, Duke of Marlborough, built a superb Arch over a gutter in Blenheim Park, which gave occasion to a wit of that period, to write the following characteristic distich on the Occasion.

THE arch, the height of his ambition shows,
The stream*, the emblem of his bounty flows.

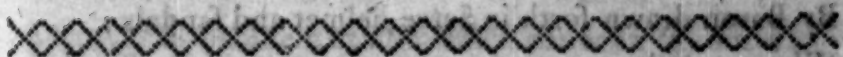


A PROPHEPIC EPIGRAM.

By CHARLES CHURCHILL, in 1765.

STRIVE to what end, dear Thompson, that you please,
You shall escape the bullet and the seas :
Wilkes and yourself shall share one common lot,
And owe at last——your ruin to a *Scot*.

* Whoever remembers the character of the Duke of Malborough, will not be at a loss to reconcile the contrast of the arch and the stream.



A NEW DESCRIPTION

OF

LISBON, and of CYNTRA,

The Paradise of PORTUGAL.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND at LONDON.

THIS tumble-down city, so famous of yore,
 Which Ulysses found out as he row'd along shore,
 Is now got together by very hard labour,
 And not by Dan Orpheus' or Amphion's tabor;
 Tho' such a quick builder as either of these
 Would suit to a tittle a Portuguese ease:
 For if this huge town could be fiddled together,
 Young Baron * alone would have Anthony's † feather.
 He has got all their favours by drawing their faces,
 His men are all heroes, his ladies all graces:
 He has hit on Gay's plan, which all painters should follow,
 His belles are from Venus, his beaux from Apollo.
 I have known a dull husband, a thick-headed fellow,
 (Who a word never utter'd unless he was mellow,

* Mr. Baron, a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a youth of some genius for music and painting

† St. Anthony, the tutelar St. of Portugal.

A plain man in trade, who sold sugar and candles)
 By Baron drawn forth in fierce helmet and sandals;
 Who, on 'Change, tho' as tame as a tame Jerry Sneak,
 At home is transform'd into Roman or Greek;
 And a pert simp'ring Mam, to make pincushions bred,
 Appears a Miss Di, with a moon on her head:
 And, as goddesses always have nymphs to come a'ter,
 A bow and a quiver are hung on her daughter.
 To flatter these bourgeois, the painter ransacks
 The Pantheon for dresses to cover their backs:
 Gods and goddesses now may look down on the show,
 And this factory farce christen *High Life Below*.

Each wise English doctor (at best a damn'd rogue)
 At last hath made Lisbon a city of vogue.
 Where each patient's consign'd, when of life there's no hope,
 To try a new air, and the pray'r's of the Pope:
 But if they were better, that damnable racket,
 Which the ocean kicks up in a paltry packet,
 Is enough in a week, if they really were well,
 With the sea in the bay, to remit them to Hell.
 If you take all our cash, let us die, and don't plague us,
 The Styx * is enough without crossing the Tagus *.
 Ye mortals consumptive, (a truth worth attending)
 When the thread of your health is once broke, 'tis past
 mending.

'Tis a pick-pocket remedy doctors prescribe,
 For dying abroad saves the fame of the tribe.

* A river of Hell, and a river in Portugal.

To consumptions this isle is so very unkind,
That you melt like a candle which stands in the wind :
Nay, had you the gold of this river of yore,
Or the purse of a Nabob, or old Cræsus' store,
I swear by St. Tony the taverns would have
Ev'ry moidore before you could get to your grave ;
For the scoundrels of Bath, whom all trav'lers condemn,
Are angels to these Roman sponges of men.
Here's one C---y so keen, shut your mouth when in bed,
Or by Jove he will steal ev'ry tooth in your head !
Ask my banker, he'll prove what I say to be true,
That a Jo * does less here than a guinea with you.

The natives are proud, and the natives are sullen :
The blacksmiths wear swords, and the priests they wear
woollen ;

And if you're invited to any one's table,
'To get at the house you must pass thro' the stable.
'Tho' so holy the folks---they're in need much of paint,
For in common blue tiles they depict ev'ry saint :
They've a thousand of tutelar gods great and small,
But St. Anthony, Sir,---is the captain of all.
Saints are mortar'd on ev'ry house, like a sign,
But they do not denote either victuals or wine :
And beneath them are written some mystical letters,
Not known to the mob, nor believ'd by their betters :
For the pure holy virgin, at vesper and matin,
Is always address'd by the fathers in Latin ;

* The coin, called a Johannes, 11. 16s.

Which is not understood by one man in eleven,
Yet still they believe it the high road to Heaven.---

When first I arriv'd---in a passion I swore,
That I'd got by mistake on the foul Scottish shore;
When I pass'd from a friend's to my lodgings to bed,
They emptied their jordan---swish---swash---on my head:
What I tell you is true---I'm not cracking of jokes,---
There's nothing so like as the Scots and these folks;
Their manners, their cloathing, their diet and houses,
The filth of the dames, and the pride of their spouses.
The king and the queen have three millions per ann.
With which he keeps women,---but she not a man;
She makes hunting, and shooting, and fishing her sport,
But will not let a lady appear at the court:
For her majesty's jealous, and if she was not,
The king for his kissing, perhaps, might be shot.
For he, a sly rogue, to indulge his lewd funn'ry,
Kept a string of sweet lasses coop'd up in a nunn'ry:
But, once as he went, he escap'd to a hair-o,
Being shot at one night by the duke de Averio;
And now the sweet lady is shut up for life;
To keep peace at home with his *masculine* wife.
For this the sweet Tavora * lost her poor head;
For this husband, children, and kindred all bled.

* The Marchioness of Tavora (who was beheaded with her husband, children, and the Duke de Aveiro, for attempting to assassinate the late king of Portugal) was without exception the finest woman in Europe; it was her daughter that the king had seduced. As he was returning from the convent where he had been, the Duke attempted to shoot him.

Ah! ladies, take care;—see what ills do environ
The monarch who stirs in behalf of a firen.

O think what a king in Old England you've got,
Who by nursing at home shuns abroad ev'ry plot.

Let's have done with the state,—who, perhaps, may not
pardon

An opinion so free; so we'll talk of their garden.

But it is not like Enna or Eden of yore,

Tho' planted upon a delectable shore:

No likeness it has—it is all run to weed,

Like the Portugal state—and the Portugal breed.

But if you talk of gardens—your gardens we'll beat:

Tho' Richmond is noble—and Cobham is sweet,

We have one above these—as they're 'bove Jenny's Whim,*

'Tis the spot of Calypso and Mr. de Vim.

You have here all the flowers and fruits of the earth;

It was here that the beautiful Flora had birth:

A garden this is! (for indeed there's no weed in)

'Tis the Enna of yore, the original Eden;

'Tis the Hortus Adonidis—just what you please;

'Tis full of exotics, and beautiful trees.

Ye lads, and ye lasses, who coo like the dove,

Here are sweet groves of myrtles, design'd to make love;

* Perhaps there is not another garden in the world, wherein so many vegetable beauties and rarities are collected as in this of M. De Vims, who has great taste and elegance, joined to a natural and acquired knowledge of Botany. He had a brother, who resided some years in China, from whom he received many curious plants, and which are only to be seen in this garden. The civility of this gentleman to every stranger does him infinite honour; but politeness is inseparable to the man of manners, travel, and education.

Here are fountains to bathe in—nor could a fair miss
 Refuse a sweet rape in a garden like this.
 Old Mahomet's paradise—full of young brims,
 Is White-Conduit House to this spot of De Vim's.
 You have sweet beds of roses for ever and ay,
 And when Pollia was here, she was queen of the May.
 Farewell—'tis the shades for the Muses and Graces,
 For poets and heroes, fine maids and fine faces.
 Ye gods! 'tis the classick *sub tegmine fagi*,
 Where Phillis and Chloe make hay with the Magi.

But no more of De Vim, and his garden of blifs,
 I've a fight to describe, that's inferior to this.
 Under canopy royal of purple and gold,
 The king, queen, and court, were all plac'd to behold
 A holy procession, which Englishmen dread;
 With a cushion supporting the wine and the bread,
 To which you must kneel, nor be knock'd on the head.
 To the pride of John Bull 'tis a damnable hurt,
 To kneel to this thing in the midst of the dirt:
 But the king and the queen do the same when it passes,
 As also the rest of the catholic asses.

The noble who breaks ope a letter must swing,
 Unless it is done at the court 'fore the King:
 And whenever her majesty travels afloat,
 The bargemen talk bawdy while she's in the boat.
 So, when ladies ride out in the kingdom of Spain,
 They're treated the same by each rustical swain.

The

The ladies, God bless 'em, have pretty black eyes,
Are brown, and Dutch built, of a middling size ;
They have sweet taper legs, and white teeth, and small
feet ;

But these to the Portugal men are no treat ;
Thick legs are the taste, the *bon ton*, and the pride,
And the small ones these Hottentot fools lay aside ;
And as Dublin has laid on thick legs no embargo,
With brooms and potatoes I'd send them a cargo.
But the shining black hair which adorns their sweet faces,
And entitles these belles to the name of the Graces.
Is spoilt by vile powder of yellow and green,
And looks like a head that has not been comb'd clean ;
Such a tail too behind, and such loads of pomatum,
E'en your macaronies would thoroughly hate 'em ;
And they smelt of lamp-oil too so strong when I bus'd 'em,
That I damn'd, in my love-fits, this stinkabus custom.
But the reason they give us still adds to their shame—
They mean to appear like the smart English dame,
Who, if transplanted here from a millener's shop,
With hands perhaps callous with twirling the mop,
With rubbing the irons, and scowering the stairs,
Gets in a calash—and then gives herself airs.
You must not boast to us of your toasts of the Hills,
The smart Caro Vernon, and pretty Miss Mills ;
Your Phœbes are all by Miss Collins out done ;
She's sweet as the orange-flower nurs'd in the sun.

We have one or two more too as pretty as she,
The fair Mrs. Hunter, and dear Charlotte Dee.

The sweet British beauties which reign on this coast,
Whom a good duke of Gloucester hath honour'd to toast,
Are worthy the praise of the duke and the bard;
While I live, while I write, they shall have my regard;
For tell me a breast generosity fires
With a spirit more noble than gay Mrs. Myres?
But when affectation and frippery airs
Descend from the belles who have scowled down the stairs,
Such aukward impertinence cursedly hurts
In mother B——n, and a pert Mrs. S——z,
Who pretend to make routs, give *fançons**, and set fashions,
As if we were ideots, and they were Circassians.
But the taste of the natives too even beats that:
For they hate every woman unless she is fat:
And if we consider the heat of the weather,
The thinner the better for lying together.
But what we call gusto, they censure as trash—
So, Lisbon adieu, and I'll mount my calash.
Now my pains and fatigues I give all to the wind,
Sweet Cyntra's in view, and old Lisbon's behind.

What god, or what goddess, first planted this place?
What genius, what fairy, what muse, or what grace,
Exerted their fancies at once to create
An Eden for man in his primitive state?

* *Fançon*, so called in Lisbon.

Here Flora, Pomona, Vertumnus appear,
In jubilee liveries dress'd through the year;
And Pleasure smiles sweet, with her apron of flowers,
Which she strews on the way for the feet of the hours,
Who wantonly trip on the light filken toe,
As blythe as the lark, and as light as the doe.
This, this is the spot which dame Nature design'd
For her fav'rite retreat—and the best of mankind:
She studied to make it the beauty of earth,
So in search of each excellence Nature went forth:
She collected the mountain, the rock, and the hill,
The fountain, the river, the sea, and the rill,
The plain, and the valley—the shrub, flow'r, and tree,
Of every virtue, of every degree:
And when all these beauties together she got,
And was viewing with rapture this elegant spot,
It appears that some strange interruption ensued,
And she left them unsorted, wild, beautiful, rude.
Dear shade of De Castro*, attend to my pray'r,
Still watch o'er these beauties—make Cyntra thy care;
Still guard her sweet trees from the axe and the blight,
From lightnings by day, and from tempests by night;
Thy name in these lines shall for ages be read,
When sweet Pina Verde is wither'd and dead.
Was Cameons † living, the muses would rove,
And lead their lov'd poet from mountain to grove;

* De Castro, a noble of Portugal, who produced the revolution in favour of the Braganza family—a great navigator, who retired to the garden of Pina Verde.

† A celebrated poet of Portugal in the sixteenth century.

The lays which he'd write, all the fairies would sing
 By the light of the moon as they danc'd in the ring;
 Such poetry sweet would be fair as the theme,
 As sublime as her mountain, as pure as her stream.

Here Pollia the fair a borrico † did ride,
 And happy was he that did walk by her side;
 For so pretty she look'd, that the swains came to woo,
 And they flatter'd her so, that I thought her untrue:
 But I was mistaken, as lovers will be,
 And I hope to be so while there's salt in the sea.
 Through forests we roam'd of Hesperian trees,
 Where such fragrance was shed from the wings of the
 breeze:

As she pass'd, that each floret unfolded its bloom,
 And the air was throughout one continued perfume.
 They thought her their goddesses, and well they might err,
 For Flora is not half so pretty as her.
 Such a garland of flowers round her head did I twine,
 That the Dryads, who saw her, pronounc'd her divine.
 And divine she shall be—for I swear by those charms
 Which have melted my soul, while she lay in my arms,
 By the rose in her cheek which eternally blows,
 By her dimples of love, and the *curl* of her nose,
 While my tongue can but wag, or my pen can but move,
 They both shall be sacred to Pollia and love.
 The evergreen flow'rs of Parnassus I'll chuse,
 Bedew'd in thy fountain, O sweet Arethuse!

† An ass—the ladies palfrey of this slavish country.

And their sprigs with such art, with such nature I'll twine,
 That ages unborn shall esteem her divine.
 No more will I say, and I cannot end better
 Than saying that Pollia approves of the letter;
 She approves of the place, she approves too of me,
 And an angel like her must with Cyntra agree.
 Cross the sea—come away—if enchantment you'd know,
 For there's no other heaven, but Cyntra below!

E. T-----T



CHARACTER of MODERN POETRY.

By MR. M'MILLAN.

ODE to SENSIBILITY.

WHO has not heard what few have seen,
 The yellow robes of sprightly green
 Which o'er my Laura's shoulders flow?—
 Lovely Laura, is't not so?

Sweet the rose when wet with dew :

Lovely Rosalind, adieu !

From cloud to cloud, from east to west,

'Tis pun and pathos, fun and jest.

Swallows twitter through the shade,

Poor Philander ! is he dead ?

See

See how winter strips the grove !

Sighs of sympathy and love.

Extatic extasies and moans,

Sighs and simpers, grins and groans ;

Girls of grace, and Fleet-street bonnets,

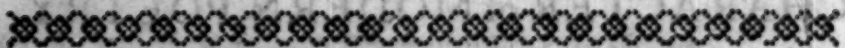
Celia's waist, and blooming sonnets.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;

Tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum :

Gird your armours *cap-a-pee*,

Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.



D O R I N D A,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

By Mr. FITZPATRICK.

IN that sad season when the hapless belle
 With steps reluctant bids the town farewell ;
 When surly husbands doom th' unwilling fair
 To quit St. James's for a purer air,
 And, deaf to pity, from their much-lov'd town
 Relentless bear the beauteous exiles down

To

To dismal shades, through lonely groves to stray,
And sigh the summer live-long months away;
With all the bloom of youth and beauty grac'd,
One morn DORINDA, at her toilet plac'd,
With looks intent and pensive air survey'd
The various charms her faithful glass display'd;
Eyes, that might warm the frozen breast of age,
Or melt to tenderness the tyrant's rage;
Smiles, that enchanting with resistless art,
Stole unperceiv'd the heedless gazer's heart;
Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambush lay,
To aim his arrows at the destin'd prey;
And lips, that promis'd in each balmy kiss
Luxurious harvest of ambrosial bliss.
Musing she sat, and watch'd each rising grace
That shed its lustre o'er her heav'nly face,
Till lab'ring grief her anxious silence broke,
And sighing thus the lovely mourner spoke:
Were charms like these by erring nature meant
For sober solitude and calm content?
Must eyes so bright be doom'd to waste their fires
On hungry parsons and unfeeling 'squires?
Heav'n, whose decrees (if true what priests have taught)
Are fram'd by justice and with wisdom fraught,
Sure ne'er created such a form as this
For the dull purpose of domestic bliss.
Ah! no, these eyes were giv'n in courts to shine;
Shall impious man then thwart the wise design?

A short-liv'd sway of some few years at most
Is all, alas! the brightest belle can boast
Ere yet the hand of all-devouring time
Lay waste her graces, and destroy her prime :
By slow degrees she feels her pow'r decay,
And younger beauties bear the palm away.
Whilst envious fate thus hastens to destroy
The fleeting period of all female joy,
Shall barb'rous husbands (whose tyrannic rage
Nor pray'rs can mitigate, nor tears assuage)
E'en in those years whilst youth and beauty bloom,
To exile half her precious moments doom ?
She goes like some neglected flow'r to fade,
And waste her sweetness in the lonely shade,
Till winter (so the pitying gods decree)
Returning sets th' impatient captive free :
Then swift emerging from the dull retreat,
To town she flies, admiring crouds to meet ;
Her happy hours glide on from morn to night,
One ceaseless round of exquisite delight :
Balls, op'ras, concerts, *Almack's*, and Soho,
By turns attended, various joy's bestow :
E'en crowded routs, where dullness ever dwells,
Can yield delight to fashionable belles.
Old maids and prudes each night, to feed their spleen,
There, seeking whom they may devour, are seen,
And, still repining that they must be chaste,
Would mar those pleasures they're forbid to taste ;

With

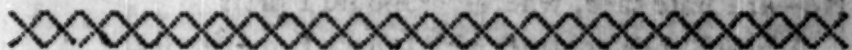
With envious eyes the brilliant nymph they view,
Whilst eager crouds where-e'er she moves pursue.
If to the play-house she by chance repair,
(Not oft frequented by the well-bred fair)
When through the house a solemn silence reigns,
Each bosom feeling what the actor feigns,
E'en in the midst of some affecting part
That wakes each soft emotion of the heart,
The doors fly open; whilst the pit beneath
Their discontent in sullen murmurs breathe:
Forward she steps with graceful air, and spreads
A blaze of beauty o'er their wond'ring heads:
Pit, boxes, gall'ries, all at once concur,
Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.
Scarce to the stage she turns her high-plum'd head,
Or seems to mark one syllable that's said;
But careless sits, and on her arm reclin'd
Hears civil speeches from the beaux behind;
Or gently listens while some well-dress'd youth
In whisper'd accents vows eternal truth.
Obedient still to pleasure's sprightly call
She quits the play, and seeks the livelier ball:
Each white-glov'd beau with haste his suit prefers,
Presents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.
Well pleas'd she hears the suppliant croud intreat,
And feels the triumph of her charms complete.
Should some blest youth be to the rest prefer'd,
Whose vows in private are with favour heard,

As

As through the dance with graceful ease she moves,
Their meeting hands express their conscious loves.
Malicious eyes the lover's looks restrain,
And cold discretion seals his lips in vain;
The faithful hand can unobserv'd impart
The secret feelings of a tender heart :
And oh ! what bliss, when each alike is pleas'd,
The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's squeez'd !
But whither, whither does my fancy roam ?
Ah ! let me call the idle wand'rer home.
Already *Phæbus*, with unwelcome ray,
Has chas'd, alas ! the winter's fogs away ;
Through the sad town, at each deserted door,
Less frequent now the footman's thunders roar ;
And waggons loading in the dusty street,
Forebode the horrors of a long retreat.
Ye sister sufferers, who must soon or late
All share my sorrows, and partake my fate,
Who, when condemn'd these bless'd abodes to quit,
Like me may weep, but must like me submit,
When overcome by man's superior force,
Revenge is still the injur'd fair's resource :
Revenge at least may make our sufferings less,
A husband's anguish soothes a wife's distress.
When far from town, in some sequester'd spot,
You mourn the hardship of our sex's lot,
Ill humour, vapours, sullenness, and spleen,
May add fresh horrors to the gloomy scene,

And

And make the tyrants who contrive your fate
 Partake the misery themselves create.
 If, press'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,
 Be all your study to augment their grief;
 If pleas'd or gay, your utmost arts employ
 To sink their spirits, and dispel their joy;
 Oppose their projects, cross their fav'rite views,
 Their wishes frustrate, their requests refuse;
 And make them feel that discontented wives
 Can prove the torment of their husbands' lives.



ELIZA, in Answer to *****.

AND durst thou, then, insulting youth, demand
 A second spoil from Love's impoverish'd store?
 Shall strains like thine a second kiss command.

Thankless for one, because I gave no more?

One lamp irradiates all yon azure heaven,
 One polar star directs the pilot's way;
 Yet what bold wretch complains no more were given,
 Or doubts the blessing of each friendly ray?

One timorous kiss, which multitudes might bode,
 At once thy sun and guiding star had prov'd,

D

If,

If, while thy lips beneath its pressure glow'd,
And thy tongue flatter'd, thou had'st truly lov'd.

The flame which burns upon the virgin cheek,
The rising sigh, half utter'd, half suppress'd,
To him who fondly loves, will more than speak
What wav'ring thoughts divide th' impassion'd breast.

Such soft confusion could the Moor disarm,
And his rough heart, like Desdemona's move;
But soon her easy weakness broke the charm,
And, ere her life she lost, she lost her love.

No—if I hate thee, wherefore should I press
A treach'rous contract with Love's favourite seal?
And, if I wish thy future hours to bless,
Ah! why, too soon, that anxious care reveal?

A ready conquest oft the victor scorns,
His laurels fade, whose foe, e'er battle, yields;
No shouts attend the warrior who returns
To claim the palm of uncontested fields.

But banish lawless wishes from thy soul,
While yet my hate or love is undeclar'd;
Perhaps, e'er many years in circles roll,
Thou'lt think Eliza but a poor reward.

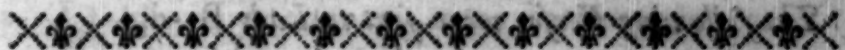
For oh! my kisses ne'er shall teem with art,
My faithful bosom forms but one design——
To study well the wife's, the mother's part,
And learn to *keep* thee, e'er I *make* thee mine.



EPI T A P H O N H O G A R T H.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind!
 Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
 And through the eye correct the heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, reader, stay;
 If *Nature* touch thee, drop a tear:
 If neither move thee, turn away;
 For HOGARTH's honour'd dust lies here!



The E N G L I S H J U S T I C E.

The Thought taken from Monsieur de la Fontaine.

A Pot-belly'd justice, who thought a good feast
 The best thing this world could afford,
 Commanded his cook, for that day's repast,
 A sturgeon to send to his board.

Three parts of the fish he dispatch'd with such speed
 That one scarcely can credit the tale;
 And had not a sickness prevented the deed,
 This Jonas had eat up the whale.

The doctor arrives—and with countenance sad,
 Assures him assistance is vain ;
 And to tell him the truth, “ his complaint was so bad,
 “ He would ne’er eat a surgeon again.”

“ If ’tis so, quoth the justice, what signifies care ?
 “ And now I have only one wish :
 “ That as you’re convinc’d I have no time to spare,
 “ You will send me the rest of my fish !”

GRACCHUS.



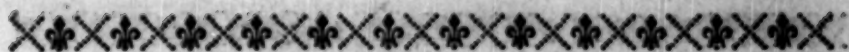
*The following Verses were sent to Lady B--dg--t L--e,
 on her insisting upon the Author's writing something to
 discover whether he had any Genius or not.*

S AID *B--dg--t* to *Will*, “ I am told you’re a poet ;
 “ If ’tis false, contradict ! if ’tis true, pr’ythee show it !
 “ For a subject take me ; call me handsome, divine ;
 “ The matter they’ll like, should they not like the line.”
 “ So I would, replied *Will* ; but I fear my fair lady,
 “ That *matter* too oft’ has been handled already.”

Sept. 5.

GRACCHUS.

Occasioned



*Occasioned by Mr. Walpole's Impromptu on the Duchess
of Queensberry.*

WHEN Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
The Strawberry hard inspir'd,
She, who the World, with Cupid's car
For a whole age has fir'd.

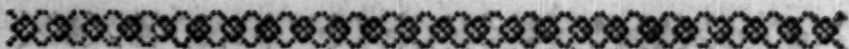
"Guess why," she cried, "his praise I share

"With Roman and with Greek—

"Such connoisseurs admire the rare

"And prize the true antique,"

Sandwich, Sept. 23.



The following Verses were written upon a young Lady, Miss F----s, who was dressed in the habit of a Judge at a Masquerade at Southampton, by LORD PALMERSTON.

C U P I D J E A L O U S.

A Nymph of every charm possess
 To animate the coldest breast
 With love's auspicious flame,
 Of late her mimic art display'd,
 And from a lovely, tender maid,
 A reverend judge became.
 The spreading wig, the solemn hat,
 Where venerable dulness sat,
 Deceiv'd our wond'ring eyes;
 Her pleasing shape, her easy mien,
 Her graceful airs no more were seen
 In that uncouth disguise.
 From that soft tongue was heard no more
 The music which it us'd to pour,
 The music of the mind;
 Nor could those eyes their beams dispense,
 Which shine replete with manly sense,
 And female softness join'd.

Yet

Yet say, dear girl, what magic art
Tho' thus disguis'd, from ev'ry heart
A secret homage drew?

Why round thee press'd the gay, the young,
Forsook the dance, and left the song,
Thy reverend form to view?

In vain, though every art was try'd,
In vain alas! you strove to hide
What could not be conceal'd;
Malicious Cupid spoil'd the jest,
And darting swift thro' every breast,
The whole deceit reveal'd.

And is it thus, ungrateful maid,
The God in jealous anger said,
My empire you disown?
And could'st thou with love's foes combine,
And bid those eyes no longer shine,
Which best support his throne?

Then give me back each winning grace,
With which I deck'd that lovely face,
And arm'd each sparkling eye;
In whose bright orbs at my command
The little loves, a num'rous band,
In secret ambush lie,

My

My favourite's triumphs to insure
I gave whate'er might best secure,
Or most extend her sway;
And can that heart so soon forget
What gratitude for such a debt
Should prompt thee to repay?

No; let thy gentle bosom prove
Obedient to the voice of love,
And quit this strange disguise:
Nor let the am'rous youths in vain
Lament that thou no more will deign
To bless their longing eyes.

The nymph with smiles consenting heard,
And in her own bright form appear'd,
To sooth the anxious boy:
Grace led her easy steps along,
And with her came in mystic throng,
Wit, beauty, love, and joy.

Thus breaking from the vernal clouds,
Where oft his radiant beams he shrouds,
The sun appears more bright,
With fresher crimson paints the rose,
And o'er the face of nature throws
A more refulgent light.

Southampton, Oct. 1775.

X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X

*To Miss ***** of Ipswich.*

WHY down that neck whose veins meand'ring flow
In azure currents through a tract of snow,
Hangs that proud urn, whose op'ning cells disclose
The ravish'd fragrance of the Libyan rose?

Can borrow'd fires sublime the solar ray?
Of chymic scents enrich the breeze of May?
Can that ambrosial bosom yield a place
'Midst native sweets, to lodge a foreign race?

Is it to show thy breast's more balmy pow'r,
And vex the shade of ev'ry martyr'd flow'r,
Which, hov'ring o'er thy lips, ecstatic fair!
Repines to meet with rival incense there?

Yet odours mild as these, ne'er cloud the brain,
Nor rack its nerves with aromatic pain;
Soft they exhale around, nor softer flies,
The harmless light'ning of their wearer's eyes:
Oh, were it mine, when past this mortal strife,
To bloom again in vegetable life,
Chang'd to a rose!—perhaps, with warmth oppress'd
I then might languish on that angel breast.

Then

Then near thy heart—how near! entranc'd might lie,
 Nor dread, in sight of such a heav'n, to die;
 No longer strive my with'ring form to save,
 But own thy bosom a triumphant grave.

St. Clement's Parish, Ipswich, }
Sept. 18. 1773,

D***y D**t.



CHARACTER of the ENGLISH.

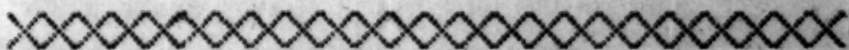
A Foreign Count was asked how he found
 The British nation, while he sojourn'd there?
 In intellect (quoth he) they're strong and sound;
 Intrepid are the men, the women fair.

In sciences profound; expert in arts;
 Devout, till oft with wild enthusiasm fir'd;
 In no men's bosoms glow humaner hearts,
 Or hearts with works of mercy later tir'd.

Their civil wisdom every realm allows,
 Tho' oft obstructed by rude faction's bawl
 Yet still unanimously prompt to rouse
 Their naval thunder, at the monarch's call.

In manners. 'mong the votaries of the court,
 Italian splendor, French politeness shine;
 Yet rude, ferocious, the plebeian sort:
 The bran is very coarse, the flour is very fine.

COSMOPOLITAN.

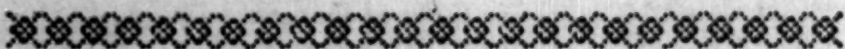


The ACTOR'S EPITOME.

HE who would act, must think—for thought will find
 The art to form the body by the mind.
 Weigh for example, these few maxims right;
 And steer your course by the befriending light:
 On the rais'd neck, oft mov'd, but ever strait,
 Turn your unbending head with easy state.
 Shun rambling looks---fix your attention high;
 Pointedly earnest; meeting eye with eye.
 Spread bare your opening breast: oft change your face;
 Step with a slow severity of grace.
 Pausingly warm, significantly rise;
 And affectation's empty swell despise.
 Be what you seem---each pictur'd passion weigh;
 Fill first your thoughts with all the words you say.
 Strong, yet distinguish'd, let expression paint:
 Nor straining mad, nor negligently faint.

On

On rising spirits let your voice take wing :
 And nerves, elastic, into passion spring.
 Let ev'ry joint keep time; each sinew bend,
 And the shot soul, in ev'ry start, ascend.



The following Epilogue was the production of Mr. Garrick's pen many years ago, and was spoken by an Actress in the character of Queen Elizabeth. It seems admirably calculated for the present crisis, and establishes the Writer's reputation as a Prophet.

IF any here are Britons but in name,
 Dead to their country's happiness and fame,
 Let 'em depart this moment---let 'em fly
 My awful presence, and my searching eye.
 No more your Queen, but upright judge I come,
 To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home ;
 Try you in ev'ry point, from small to great,
 Your wit, laws, fashions, valour, church and state ;
 Search you as Britons ne'er were search'd before :
 O tremble, for you hear the lion roar !

Since that most glorious time that here I reign'd,
 An age and half---what have you lost and gain'd ?
 Your wit, whate'er your poets sing or swear,
 Since Shakespeare's time is somewhat worse for wear :

Your

Your laws are good, your lawyers good of course ;
 The streams are surely clear, when clear the source :
 In greater store these blessings now are sent ye ;
 Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.
 Fashions, ye fair, deserve nor praise nor blame,
 Unless they rise as foes to sense or shame ;
 Wear ruffs or gauze ; but let your skill be such,
 Rather to shew too little than too much.
 As for your valour—here my lips I close,
 Let those who best have prov'd it speak—your foes—
 Your morals, church, and state are still behind,
 But soft, prophetic fury fills my mind,
 I see thro' time—behold a youthful hand*
 Holding the scepter of this happy land ;
 His heart with justice, love, and virtue fraught,
 Born amongst Britons, and by *Britons taught* ; †
 Shall make the barking tongues of faction cease, §
 And weave the garland of domestick peace ;
 Long shall he reign---no storms to beat his breast,
 Unruly passions that disturb'd my rest ;
 Shall live the blessings he bestows to share,
 Reap all my glory, but without my care.

* This, 'tis suppos'd, alludes to his present Majesty when Prince of Wales.

† This, 'tis thought, was written, "and by *Scotchmen taught*."

§ 'Tis greatly hoped by every friend of Old England, that these last six lines will not prove Mr. Garrick a false prophet.



The DYING LOVER.

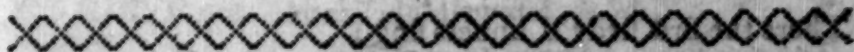
A FRAGMENT.

* * * ZARA, farewell! beneath
 The pond'rous burthen of mortality
 My fainting spirits sink---Oh, may'st thou prove
 Blest in a happier choice!--All that I ask
 Is, that my fleeting soul may still enjoy
 Thy virgin pray'rs (its once sweet guardians) thro'
 Those gloomy caverns it must pass, to reach
 Eternal shades.---Had fate assign'd my stay
 Till we had together gone, the horrid path
 Had then been made delightful!--But I must
 Depart without thee, turn to impassive clay
 While life's warm currents bound along thy veins,
 And triumph in thy cheek:---I in a damp
 Sequester'd urn must shrink, while some lov'd youth
 Springs to thy nuptial bed; there clasps thee close,
 And, panting for extatic dissolution,
 Devours thy bashful charms!--And yet I shall
 (If fled souls know what happens upon earth)
 Sigh for thy loss; and 'midst the realms of bliss

Wander

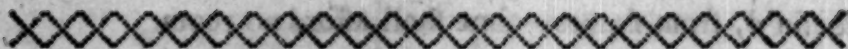
Wander alone—for this old world shall rise
 Refin'd, from flames—time shall afford no room
 For passion's range, ere I again embrace
 Society with flesh, that mould'ring substance
 Which whelm'd in earth, or puff'd by veering winds,
 Converts to many a form its varied dust.—
 Farewell! * * *

L.



QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
 The beauty of thy leaves disclose!
 The winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
 The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
 Salutes the gay return of spring:
 The silver dews, the vernal showers,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers:
 The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds;
 Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!—

B A R.



BARTON GROVE,

An Invitation to MYRA.

PLEASURE now, in love's alcove,
 Sits confess'd in Barton Grove ;
 There the first blown violets spring ;
 There the first fledg'd linnets sing ;
 There and no where else are found
 Notes of such enchanting sound ;
 There and no where else we view
 Flow'rets of so fine a hue :
 Come, and while the flowers in bloom
 Cast around a rich perfume,
 And the birds on ev'ry spray
 Sing the birth of genial May,
 Come, and while the zephyrs breathe,
 Let us sit yon elm beneath,
 Yonder elm, whose russet kind
 By the woodbines sweet entwined,
 Now presents a welcome shade,
 Free for every youth and maid,
 There unmark'd by watching eye,
 There unheard by list'ner nigh,
 What we do, or what we say,
 Sacred to the birth of May,

Shall

Shall for ever be untold,
 To the prating young and old.
 Nor those joys which reason rules,
 Make a tale for busy fools.

Kettering, May 1.

DAMON.

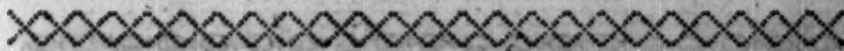


Upon a Widow's Wooden Tomb-stone in Hertfordshire.

GRIEVE not for me, my dearest dear,
 I am not dead, but sleeping here;
 With patience wait, prepare to die,
 And in short time you'll come to I.

A Wag going by underwrote,

I am not griev'd, my dearest life,
 Sleep on, I've got another wife;
 Therefore I cannot come to thee,
 For I must go to bed to thee.



On the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE.

WHO can the matchless Devonshire survey,
 And not entitle her the Queen of Love?
 Where grace and beauty join their utmost sway,
 Where sense and innocence united move.

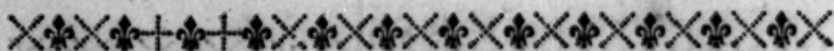
Vol. I.

E

By

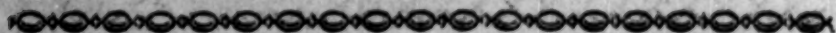
By nature form'd to captivate the heart,
 There wanted only to enrich the mind,
 Parental care completed this their part,
 And fram'd a finish'd pattern for mankind.

M. P.



To Mrs. R-----, at Bath.

Precedence, forsooth ! by what title or right ?
 Indeed we all know that your *Dad* is a *Knight* ;
 We also remember--*now be not offended,
 On old London-bridge, once old ballads he vended ;
 What tho' *He* and *Lady* Mamma are absurd,
 And *be-title* each other at every word,
 You are nobody here---do or drefs as you please,
 Nay, in those you are wanting—for freedom and ease :
 Then prithee have done with your airs and grimaces,
 Nor affect from *your rank* to take quality places,
 Since you never, *dear widow* (excuse the expression)
 Can figure away as a woman of fashion.



To the Memory of Miss DOLLY TWIST.

HERE is an end of love and folly,
 Death hath embrac'd the lively Dolly,
 And she, with all her lovely charms,
 Was folded in his bony arms :

He

He look'd the smiler in the face,
 And only took one cold embrace ;
 Indeed the savage never kist
 The cherry lip of Dolly Twist ;
 And tho' she did escape so oft
 As Columbine below, aloft,
 Yet Harlequin, with studied trick,
 Could not defend her from Old Nick.
 We're told that when she came to Charon,
 She put so gay, so smart an air on,
 That the old boy became so merry,
 For nought he let her cross the ferry ;
 And *Minos*, known so gruff and big,
 Pull'd of his large all-judging wig,
 And with our Dolly took a jig.
 And now upon the banks of Styx,
 She plays ten thousand merry tricks ;
 She lives and tastes eternal ease,
 And dances under golden trees,

N.



Stanzas written under confinement for Debt.

SEE every plague around me twine,
 Unfeeling creditors confine,
 And tauntingly exult to see
 Me robb'd of precious liberty.

E 2

Until

Untill that gloomy, luckless hour,
I fell beneath oppressive pow'r,
My life tho' lowly, still was free,
But now I mourn for liberty.

Hard justice now consigns me o'er
To him who locks his ev'ry door;
Here ev'ry foe may hear, may see,
My sighs, my tears for liberty.

Each hour here slowly wastes away,
For care preys on my mind all day,
To find that few have charity
To soothe my want of liberty.

In vain I wish, in vain I sigh,
For friends like foes do from me fly,
And will not deign to visit me,
Now I'm bereft of liberty.

But should I gain at last the shore,
Toss'd on misfortune's waves no more :
Then friends and foes would flock to me,
To taste the sweets of liberty.

But think, oh, think, the time may come,
When exil'd from the peaceful home,
Immur'd, you may regret with me,
The long lost sweets of liberty.

Then

Then scorn with cruel taunts no more
 The wretch, the captive, and the poor,
 Nor with him chains or poverty.
 But health, sweet peace, and liberty.

Leicestershire.

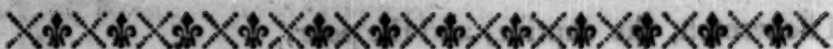
C — B — H —



An EPIGRAM,

Written by the Hon. CHARLES TOWNSEND, on LORD
 PEMBROOKE refitting the back front of his House to-
 wards the Thames.

AS long on silver Thames I row'd,
 Some twenty years or thirty;
 Where Pembroke's Earl his backside show'd
 All yellow, brown, and dirty:
 But t'other day, surpriz'd, I cried,
 (So neat and clean it made is)
 It cannot be my Lord's backside,
 It surely is my Lady's.



B O N - H I L L *.

Written by CAPT. THOMPSON in the year 1769.

IF TASTE would wander from the south,

And build her costly temple here :

Spread out the lawn, the vista plant,

Give teeming nature some small cheer,

Help her few wants, with all her skill,

Richmond would not excell *Bon-hill*.

She, to the gay is quite unknown,

Unnotic'd like the Highland lad ;

Retir'd among her mountains bare,

Half starv'd, neglected, and half clad.

Yet could'st thou, TASTE, observe her still,

Nature would woo to dress *Bon-hill*.

Stonefield † has bankrupted his brains,

To spoil some acres fairly plac'd ;

Had art or genius view'd the spot,

Nature had not been thus disgrac'd.

* *Bon-hill* is a village beautifully situated on the banks of the river *Leven*, which rises among the isles and mountains of *Lough Lomen*—about two miles from the ancient town of *Dumbarton*. Nature hath lavishly bestowed her blessings upon this fair spot, and what adds to its reputation, the ingenious and facetious *Smollet* was born here.

† A Lord of Session.

'Tis

'Tis taste plebeian—fancied ill,
Unworthy genius and *Bon-bill*.

A plain as *Tempe* fair and long,
Beneath tremendous mountains lies;
Where huge *Ben Lomen* seems to bear
Upon his shoulders clouds and skies:
The lesser mountains own his will,
The ruling *Atlas* of *Bon-bill*.

Could such a spot by Nature blest'd,
Be to the muses quite unknown?
So like their native *Helecon*,
With laurels green, and myrtles brown.
No, *Phœbus* here declar'd his skill,
And gave a *SMOLLET* to *Bon-bill*.

Lough Lomen * and her twenty isles,
Rise from a limpid fount, which springs
Beneath his foot, and were of old
The seats of mighty *Thanes* and *Kings*.
Here *MARY* † once did tears distill,
Imprison'd on thy stream, *Bon-bill*,

* An extensive beautiful lake of twenty-one miles in length, rising from a variety of springs, from the mountains which surround it; the principal one is called *Ben-Lomen*. There are twenty-one islands on this lake, whereon the princes of Scotland have had elegant houses. Some of these islands are said to float, and to change their situations.

† *Mary*, Queen of Scots, after her defeat by the Presbyterian army near *Dumbuck*, was conveyed a prisoner to one of these insular castles. But she persuaded her keeper's son, that if he would procure her escape she would marry him; the youth accomplish'd her request, and she fled with him to England, where Elizabeth confined her till her untimely death.

Thames, court no more with *Chub* and *Dace* ;
 Here leaping *salmon*, *trout*, and *parr*
 Allure me from thy silver wave,
 Superior to thy natives far ;
 Ye gods, my little pray'r fulfill,
 With health and peace bestow *Bon-bill*.

But say, from whence arose the name
 Of 'Leven * to thy rapid stream ?
 Oh ! from th' eleven daughters fair
 Of *Lennox*, fairest in esteem,
 Alas ! all drowned in thy rill,
 A tale most piteous at *Bon-bill*.

Oft on thy banks I've chearful stray'd,
 And time slid smoothly as thy stream ;
 Retir'd from ev'ry gnawing care,
 Remov'd from ev'ry party theme,
 The liquor quaff'd from * *Nairne's* clean still,
 Content with with wiskey, and *Bon-bill*,

Supremely blest, I've found that joy,
 Which from religious virtue springs ;
 Left pomp, vice, luxury, and care,
 To folly, and the pride of kings.
 With pleasure paid the good dame's bill,
 And drag'd with sighs from sweet *Bon-bill*.

* The river 'Leven took its name from an old traditional story of the Earl of Lennox having eleven fair daughters alternately drowned in it, by attempting to save each other when bathing.

† A good industrious woman who keeps a hovel by the side of the river.

An EPIGRAM,

Written in 1765, by Co: and Co:

YOU say the ministry are young,—tis truth,
 But why ye scribblers cavil at their youth?
Bute knows that ministers have long been things
 Who walk in go-carts, and in leading-strings.
 But to all wretches of that slavish spirit,
 Grant, ye good gods! the cart,—and string they merit.

AN INDEPENDANT.

The VAUXHALL NIGHTINGALES.

August 1765. *Cantare pares.*

WHILE the two nightingales contend in voice,
 With both we're charm'd,—but dubious in our
 choice:

First this, then that, by turns have our assent,

*Wright** we would have it—but it will be *Brent**.

* * These ladies were married afterwards to Mess. Arne and Pinto.

To MISS WRIGHT, on her playing the Character of Daphne.

WHEN thy wild notes in warbling rise or fall,
 There, there we feel—dame Nature has done all:
 Act then no more, nor in the player's part,
 Betray the working of the step-dame art.

G. C.

Mr. DERRICK when he succeeded Mr. NASH, put on a white Hat; this occasioned a number of Lampoons; and among the many, the following one.

NASH had a head, and in that head
 Were manners, wit, and sense:
 DERRICK, he has a head, but still
 To these makes no pretence,

NASH had a hat, and it was white,
 And DERRICK hath another:
 The only legacy bestow'd,
 The imitative brother.

The

The difference then, is justly this,

Allow'd by great and small :

NASH had a head within his hat,

DERRICK, hath none at all.

N.



A FLOSCULOUS EPIGRAM,

On the Death of Sweet William, Duke of Cumberland.

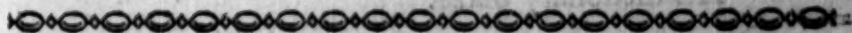
THE fairest flower, which did our gardens grace,
Sweet William's dead, the pride of all his race.

Since which, we find among our sweetest posies,

Thistles are tied in bunches with our roses,

Courting the smell to prick our English noses.

N.



On Powell's playing Posthumus.

WINDS catch the sound, and on your rosy wings,

Bear the sweet musick which our Shakespeare sings,

Bear him again the language that he sung,

Rais'd by the melody of Powell's tongue.

To

*To Mr. Charles Denis * on his Attempt to defend Dr.
Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare.*

SWEET imitator of Fontaine,
Melodious Denis cease this strain,
Nor praise him who revil'd
With impious tongue and hand, the page
Of Shakespeare, read in every age,
Great Shakespeare, Fancy's child.

Thus, once a wretch was so profane,
To fire the high Ephesian Fane
To get immortal praise:
O brand him with eternal shame,
And may in a more impious flame,
His dictionary blaze.

* Mr. Denis was brother to Sir Peter Denis, a man of great virtue and goodness. He wrote many excellent poems, and translated Fontaine with more success than any other person, many of his pieces appeared in Lloyd's St. James's Magazine.

To Mr. Scot, a Scribler paid by Lord Sandwich, and the
reputed Author of a Paper, sign'd ANTI-SEJANUS.

WHILE Scot like a strumpet calls whore first aloud,
And swaggers in print he will cane us :
Who is there so weak, or so mean in the croud,
That can't cudgel *Anti-Sejanus* ?

DUMBARTON FERRY:

Or, The Lafs without Stocking or Shoe.

I.

ON the banks of the 'Leven, near deep flowing Clyde,
By the rock of Dumbarton, which scorns wind and
tide.

At the ferry-house dwells a sweet las known to few,
A delicate las without stocking or shoe.

II.

Though no pride in her dress, she hath grace in her air,
All bare is her bosom, dishevell'd her hair,
When first I beheld her, like Dian she flew,
And a goddess she seem'd without stocking or shoe.

When

III.

When I seiz'd her, I argued, my fair, lovely lass,
While heated and panting, she laid on the grass :
Why would you avoid me, the race you must rue,
These feet must be hurt without stocking or shoe.

IV.

'Tis the dog runs the hair, 'tis the hawk drives the dove,
My pursuit is the passion, the impulse of love :
Shun no more my embraces, no harm will I do ;
These limbs I adore, without stocking or shoe.

V.

She cry'd, pray be quiet, and put out her hand,
You never will wed a poor lass of this land ;
By Cupid, I will, and for ever prove true,
And purchase my lassie both stocking and shoe.

VI.

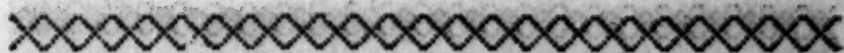
You men are such rogues to the girls, I declare,
One cannot believe half you say, tho' you swear ;
But if you're unkind—to all joy then adieu—
Love and peace I prefer, without stocking or shoe.

VII.

Then yield me those charms, and to morrow I'll prove,
How sincere is my heart, and how ardent my love :
Then stay 'till to-morrow, she said, and she flew,
So I lost the fair lass without stocking or shoe.

E. T.

The



The SAILOR's SOLILOQUY.

WHO would be tost like chips about the sea,
 Of ev'ry envious blast, the sport and frown:
 Had Fortune feeling, she would pity me,
 And in thy meadows, Richmond, lay me down.



The SAILOR's MISTRESS.

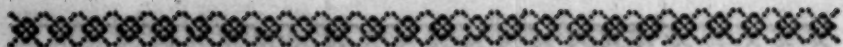
Consign'd to his FRIEND.

TOO soon I take my fad, my long adieu,
 And fair Maria fills her sails to you:

Cetera decunt.

You know my heart, where every feeling's true,
 I rob myself, to give a friend to you.

The



The Character of a Cornish 'Squire, who was lineally descended from Bampfild Carew, the King of the Gypsies. He treated all sea officers with rudeness, and threatened them with the law; but unluckily for him, he made complaint of the Author of the following Stanzas to Admiral Lord Edgecombe, who oppressed the officer to oblige the rich 'squire. However, the sea bard made his quarters good, and tho' he was most unjustly treated, he was most severely revenged.

YE gods! how I grieve that old *Hogarth* is dead,
 When here's such a piece to portray:
 Such a face, such a form, and, ye gods! such a head,
 I am sure never came in his way.

Dear *Churchill* too gone! (and a far greater loss)
 How his satire this subject would suit:
 But the theme's left to me, so ye muses be cross,
 And I'll caricatura the brute.

This toad-stool, this 'squire, this excrescence of dung,
 Whom Ignorance litter'd on earth;
 Whom no pencil e'er drew, whom no muse ever sung,
 A cub never lick'd at its birth.

In

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

65

In mien nor in form half so human as ape,
 Begot by a beggar in spite,
 On a gypfy, who swore 'twas a Caliban rape,
 As she snor'd 'neath a hedge in the night.

This ravisher too was a man of estate,
 But of a peculiar *gout*:
 And rather than not be a king and be great,
 He govern'd a beggarly crew.

King Bamfield was he, who begot this black prince,
 Great heir of his beggarly blood;
 And his deeds will the world, and all gypfies convince
 He's fill'd with the same royal mud.

When this monarch departed, and left him the throne,
 So great was his spirit and might,
 Being afraid of a ghost—he could not lie alone,
 So he slept with his footman at night.

You have seen a squat ale bottle punchy and blue,
 That's like him as low as the knees,
 The cork's like his head—where ten screws have pass'd
 through,
 To give vent to the wind and the lees.

His corpse don't contain the brisk spirit of ale,
 If it did, it would burst like a bomb:
 In short, beat him down from the head to the tail,
 And he'll sound like an unbraced drum.

VOL. I.

F

You

EPIGRAM,

By CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Capt. Thompson lived in Kew-lane, where a weeping willow was planted before his house. It was a custom with Churchill to walk early, and compose verses. He was then about the 2d book of Gotham, and passing the window of Thompson's house, who was set reading therein—he thus addressed him.

HERE lives an half-pay poet run to rust,
And all his willows weeping in the dust.

The Nineteenth Ode of Anacreon imitated,

EARTH when parch'd and thirsty grown,
Drinks the rain as it comes down:

Trees, and weeds, and flowrets drain

All the juices of the plain:

Neptune when he takes his cup,

Sups at once whole rivers up:

Rosy Phœbus, god of rhymes,

Quaffs of all at different times:

Silver mantled sister moon,
 Sips his radiance night and noon,
 If this fair, inconstant punk,
 Nature, earth, sea, sun get drunk,
 Why should I with wine take pet,
 Who have such examples set :
 Give me wine, punch, rack; October,
 'Tis no merit to be sober.

E. T.

On SHAKESPEARE.

AS when (if truth in ancient story lies)
 An earth-born giant brav'd th' embattled skies,
 The coward gods confed'rate vengeance sped,
 And heap'd whole quarries on his dauntless head :
 Tho' sunk he lay, by Ætna's weight oppress'd,
 The rocking mountain still his strength confess'd ;
 Nor yet, his force earth's central prison bars,
 But still he hurls defiance to the stars :—
 Such, Giant Shakespeare, is thy hapless fate,
 By critics tumbled from thy tow'ry height ;
 By envious dullness half thy page o'ergrown,
 'Midst notes entomb'd and chaos not its own :
 Yet still each rival feels thy pow'rs divine,
 Around thee still the fires of genius shine ;
 And lest their warmth in critic ashes die,
 Thy GARRICK sends it flaming to the sky.

S.

Cause

Cause of the Diversity of Mankind.

IN ev'ry soul, 'tis said, are seen the rise
 And seeds of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry vice:
 The careful man, say they, surveys his lot,
 Dresses and cultivates his little spot;
 Watches each virtuous tendrill as it shoots,
 Plucks up the hurtful rubbish by the roots.
 This, quoth the idle one, is scarce fair play,
 Nature, heav'n's proxy, ought to have her way,
 Mark then th' event, one's culture bringeth forth
 The vulgar man; t'other's the man of worth.

Translation of a Latin Epigram, on a Greyhound.

BENEATH this tree fleet Smoker's limbs are laid;
 How grieves his youthful lord his greyhound dead!
 Thro' groves and lawns he chas'd the timid hare,
 Rous'd by the starting game and rural war,
 But now, disgustful! in the earth he lies,
 And recent vigor to the tree supplies,
 Useful alive, and useful when he dies!

Nov. 18.

B. J. S.

On



On the New Edition of Shakespeare.

A Grape-stone stifled poor Anacreon's breath,
And one four pippin grip'd a world to death :
Curs'd be all vegetables, small and great too,
For Shakespeare's choak'd at last by a potatoe !



On the Same.

SHAKESPEARE divine ! whate'er the magic pow'r
That lurks in roots or fills th' expanded flow'r,
Potatoes, spite of all thy critic quotes,
Can prompt no love but that of scribbling notes !

T. H.

A true

A true TALE; to be added to Mr. GAY's Fables.

Supposed to be written by Dr. PARNELL.

A Mother who vast pleasure finds
 In modelling her children's minds;
 In midst of whom with great delight
 She passes many a winter night;
 Mingles in every play, to find
 What bias nature gave the mind,
 Resolving thence to take her aim
 To guide them to the realms of fame,
 And wisely make those realms the way
 To regions of eternal day;
 Each boist'rous passion to controul,
 And early humanize the soul,
 In simple tales beside the fire,
 The noblest notions would inspire.
 Her offspring, conscious of her care,
 Transported hung around her chair.
 Of scripture heroes she would tell,
 Whose names they'd list ere they could spell
 Then the delighted mother smiles,
 And shews the story on the tiles.

At other times her themes would be
 The sages of antiquity,
 Who left a deathless name behind
 By being blessings to their kind.

Studious to let her children know
 The various turns of things below ;
 How virtue here was oft distressed,
 To shine more glorious with the blest,
 Told Tully's and the Gracchi's doom,
 The patriots and the pride of Rome,
 Then blest the Drapier's happier fate,
 Who sav'd, and lives to guard, the state.
 Again she takes another scope,
 And tells of Addison and Pope :
 Steele's comedies gave great delight,
 And entertain'd them many a night.
 Congreve could no admittance find,
 Forbid as poison to the mind :
 That author's wit and sense, says she,
 But heighten'd his impiety.

This happy mother met one day
 A book of Fables writ by Gay ;
 And told her children, here's a treasure,
 A fund of wisdom and of pleasure !
 Such morals, and so finely writ !
 Such decency, good sense, and wit !
 Well has the poet found the art
 To raise the mind and mend the heart.

Her

Her fav'rite son the author seiz'd,
 And as he read seem'd highly pleas'd :
 Made such reflexions on each page
 The mother thought above his age :
 Delighted read, but scarce was able
 To finish the concluding Fable.

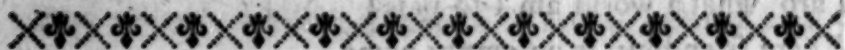
What ails my child ? the mother cries ;
 Whose sorrows now have fill'd your eyes ?
 Oh, dear mamma, can he want friends,
 Who writes for such exalted ends ?
 Oh base, degenerate human kind !
 Had I a fortune to my mind,
 Should Gay complain ? but now, alas !
 Thro' what a world am I to pass !
 Where friendship is an empty name,
 And merit scarcely paid in fame.

Resolv'd to lull his woes to rest,
 She tells him, he should hope the best :
 This has been yet his case, I own,
 But now Augustus fills the throne.
 Content that tender heart of thine,
 He'll be the care of Caroline :
 Who thus instructs the Royal race
 Can't fail of some distinguish'd place.

Mamma, if you were Queen, said he,
 And such a book were writ for me,
 I find 'tis so much to your taste,
 That Gay would keep his coach at least.

My child, what you suppose is true,
 I see its excellence in you.
 Poets who write to mend the mind,
 A Royal recompence should find :
 But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
 From the best privilege of crowns,
 The glorious, godlike pow'r to bless,
 And raise up merit in distress.

But, dear mamma, I long to know,
 Were you the Queen, what you'd bestow.
 What I'd bestow? says she, my dear,
 At least a thousand pounds a year.



An Invocation to the departed spirit of the much-lamented and Rev. Mr. W-s.

FROM thy sacred abodes, O sweet spirit descend,
 Revisit once more this dull scene ;
 Return but a moment to bless thy fair friend,
 Who mourns for the pride of the green.

But if loth to resign those bright mansions of bliss,
 Which heav'n to thy virtue decrees ;
 To some less favour'd youth give thy exquisite grace,
 And teach him the manner to please.

Upon

Upon seeing Mr. TAYLOR's Pictures, of Bath, and
 hearing a Connoisseur swear that "they were finely
 painted for a Gentleman."

By Mr. GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
 Of "finely painted for a gentleman!"

Is Genius, rarest gift of heav'n,
 To the *bir'd* artist only giv'n?
 Or, like the Catholic salvation,
 Pal'd in for any class or station?
 Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
 Which works, and as it works, is paid?
 Is there no skill to build, invent,
 Unless inspir'd by five per cent?
 And shalt thou, *Taylor*, paint in vain,
 Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
 Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
 That *Claud Lorraine* may yield to thee.

Verses from a CROOKED Gentleman to a STRAIT Lady.

HOGARTH, who copied nature's works,
 In all his just designs,
 Has prov'd that ev'ry beauty lurks
 In undulating lines.

How

How strong the charms which artless grow,

All nature's products tell :

She bends, irregular, the bough,

And wreathes the twisted shell.

The rib which form'd your sex divine,

Was warp'd in Adam's side ;

And in the serpent's curling twine,

The tempter's arts were try'd.

When blest with crooked shapes, ev'n things

Inanimate can warm :

With rapture thus the toper sings,

The corkscrew's spiral form.

Say, can the maypole tall and strait,

With this be e'er compar'd ?

Do equal honours, equal state

Invest the taylor's yard ?

Is yon strait walk, whose formal road

Conducts to formal groves,

Like that which circling round the wood

In various mazes moves ?

What stronger proof remains to show,

Let Love's blest god supply ;

For he himself must bend his bow

Before his arrows fly.

But if, still blind to graces born

From sweet confusion's plan,

Alike you hate the winding horn,

And curvilinear man.

Oh,

Oh, take me, fair one, to your arms,
 And while our joys are heighten'd,
 Such miracles attend your charms,
 Perhaps I may be *straiten'd*.

C. B.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.
 To DULCEBELLA.

I Kept the time with that religious zeal,
 As hermits do, who to their crosses kneel;
 Each little noise my list'ning ears devours,
 And ev'ry step I heard—I thought it yours:
 When one hour came, I own'd a thousand fears;
 My flutt'ring heart by turns betray'd my ears:
 But when the clock the second hour re-sounds,
 My beating bosom felt a thousand wounds:
 The third hour's sound my mind could not endure;
 I dash'd myself, in rage, upon the floor;
 By turns I swore, and pray'd; and pray'd, and swore;
 I call'd you Angel, and I call'd you—more;
 I sought new matter—study'd to accuse,
 And still ador'd you—while I try'd t'abuse:
 At last my rage my patience did subdue;
 The world I damn'd, and ev'ry thing—but YOU.

E. THOMPSON.

The



The WITHERED ROSE: The last composition of the late Mr. Cunningham, written by him a few weeks before his death, and intended, as he expressed himself to a friend to whom he presented it, as a true image of himself, being then in a very poor state of health.

I.

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come, Rose, come courted to my bower:
Queen of the banks! the garden's bliss!
Come and abash yon' tawdry flower.

II.

Why call us to revokeless doom?
With grief the opening buds reply;
Not suffered to extend our bloom,
Scarce born, alas! before we die!

III.

Man having pass'd appointed years,
Ours are but days—the scene must close;
And when fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a WITHERING ROSE?

Verses

*Verses copied from the Window of an obscure Lodging-
House in the neighbourhood of London.*

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whose restless mind,
Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd, confin'd,*
Learn how each want that heaves our mutual sigh,
A woman's soft sollicitudes supply !
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic arms ;
While souls exchange'd alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions glorious fire.
What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine ;
No nodding plumes our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love ;
No silver lamp with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray :
Yet Fanny's charms could time's slow flight beguile,
Sooth ev'ry care, and make this dungeon smile :
In her, what kings, what faints have wish'd, is giv'n ;
Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven !

* Macbeth.



To the Rev. Mr. B. on his late marriage with Miss J. P.

MY Puritan jolly,
 How could you leave Dolly?
 Sure, sure you were under a cross spell,
 To be thus trepann'd,
 To cultivate land
 More tough and more hard than the gospel?
 Curiosity eas'd,
 Old Jenny is pleas'd,
 And heartily glad that she hath you;
 But you cannot deny
 That you found her as dry
 As chapter the first of St. Matthew,
 And yet though you laugh,
 And think yourself safe,
 That you have not a girl of fifteen;
 You'll find to your cost
 That the wager was lost—
 Old faggots burn fiercer than green.
 Yet, laughing apart,
 I wish from my heart

Your

Your wife may be all you desire ;
And that ev'ry delight,
In the day and the night,
May stir the remains of her fire.

Winchester, Nov. 9.

*The following Extempore was written on the death of
Mr. Edward Purdon, formerly of Trinity-college,
Dublin, by Dr. Goldsmith.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll ever come back,

*Verses sent to a young Lady, with the new Edition of
Shakespeare.*

By the Right Hon. the EARL of CARLISLE.

POET of nature, thou whose boundless art
Describ'd each power that rules the throbbing heart,
Vol. I. G Feign'd

Feign'd all that love, that glory e'er inspir'd,
 That warm'd a *Romeo*, or a *Percy* fir'd,
 In love's sweet cause be now thy magic try'd,
 And charm with future scenes my destin'd bride!

Lo! at thy call, fiends cross the blasted heath,
 And rising spectres daunt the pale Macbeth,
 Who doom'd by guilt his anxious eyes to cast
 O'er dim futurity's unravell'd waste,
 On alien brows beheld his wrested crown,
 Deplor'd the past, and saw the future frown!
 Oh, once again these wond'rous spells prepare,
 With milder visions paint th' embodied air!
 No more, in caves let fires infernal glow,
 Nor call thy phantoms from the world below.
 In Laura's fight let Hymen's altar blaze,
 Let Cupid's torch diffuse its brightest rays,
 Let smiling hours in festive circles dance,
 And white-rob'd priests to meet our steps advance;
 In distant view be love's dear pledges shown,
 And all the long succession live our own!

So, round thy favour'd tomb, thy hallow'd urn,
 May ev'ry muse her vestal incense burn!
 Still may those laureat brows their honours wear
 Secure from critics, envy, and Voltaire!
 Still on the stage thou reard'st may Garrick stand,
 For Shakespeare's lyre obeys no other hand!
 Still sleep thy page near Laura's pillow plac'd,
 And future comments grace thee like the last!

Verses

Verses to CELIA.

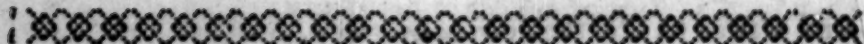
WHEN youth, my Celia's in the prime,
 With rapture seize the joyous time,
 'Tis nature dictates sport and play,
 For youth is nature's holiday.
 How sweet to feel love's soft alarms,
 When warm in blood and full of charms!

Dull winter comes with dreary frost;
 Creation droops, her beauty's lost;
 But spring renews the jocund scene,
 And wakes to life the new-born green.
 When man's gay summer once is o'er,
 The genial spring returns no more;
 All then is void of sweet delight,
 One gloomy tasteless winter's night.
 How sweet to feel love's soft alarms,
 When warm in blood, and full of charms!

The sun declines, and yields to night,
 But shines next morn with orient light;
 Well pleas'd to run his golden race,
 He traverses th' immense of space,
 Not so with man, when once he dies,
 His sun is set no more to rise:

Dull pris'ner of eternal night,
 No more he sees the chearful light.
 How sweet to feel love's soft alarms,
 When warm in blood, and full of charms !

Then take the boon kind heav'n bestows,
 In bloom of youth, when beauty glows ;
 Be blest'd to-day, perhaps to-morrow
 May clouded rise, and teem with sorrow ;
 Life's morning past, succeeding noon
 Precipitates the night too soon,
 How sweet to feel love's soft alarms,
 When warm in blood, and full of charms !



On the prospect of Arts and Sciences in America.

Written near fifty years ago by the celebrated Dr. GEORGE
 BERKELEY, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Lord
 Bishop of Cloyne, while he was in America.

THE muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame.

In

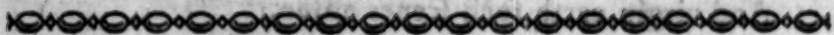
In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems out-done,
And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules :
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools :

There shall be seen another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epick rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts :

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay :
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
By future ages shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire take its way :
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day :
Time's noblest offspring is the last.



The DESERTED TOWN.

By the Author of the TEARS of GENIUS.

LONDON, farewell, thy dusky domes I fly,
 To fix my cot beneath a clearer sky;
 A still, small mansion, where embower'd in trees,
 Silent I court the genius of the breeze.
 There, in my green retreat, where smiling round
 Summer's sweet children paint the varied ground,
 Where springing forests thicken on my eye,
 And the loquacious rill goes bubbling by;
 While at my foot the breathing violets blow,
 And many a perfum'd primrose peeps below,
 Compos'd I sit—the monarch of my shade,
 And share the health that glows in ev'ry glade;
 Drink the pure gale, as fresh from heav'n it flies,
 Rest with the linnet, with the lark arise,
 Pass my calm day in solitude and song,
 And pity all that bustle in the throng.

Then farewell, London! queen supreme of trade!
 Awhile I quit thee, for the sacred shade!
 Behold how fast thy truant children run,
 To taste the spirit of a cloudless sun;

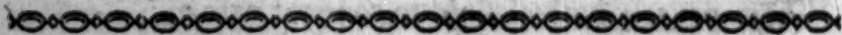
Where,

Where, unobscur'd by smoak, his beams can play
And bless them with the light of long lost day.
The sons of pleasure, and the sons of care
Alike desire the aids of rural air;
The beau turns swain, a shepherdess the maid,
And each town belle's a Phillis in the shade.
All fly from London—save an anxious train,
That tug intensely at the oar of gain.

They, drudging mortals, heat and dust defy,
And all the terrors of a London sky;
Full in the glare of day, they fiercely toil,
Eternal digging—in a golden soil.
With these remain a tribe, unus'd to air,
Whom poverty hath chain'd to constant care:
In garrets high, or cellars deep, they dwell,
And learn a labour which no tongue can tell:
The sickly art embrown'd in gloom essay,
Lost to the light of life, and smiles of day;
Thro' the long year, their daily task they ply,
While pale consumption stares in every eye,
Or blasted drop-sy drowns what nature gave,
And sweeps the man of labour to the grave.

From woes like these, to life's calm vale I steal,
To see how light the ploughman's labours feel;
Bred to the field, no woes like these, he knows—
He sweats—he toils—and carols as he goes.

Easy and sweet behold the sturdy swain
 Till the rich earth, and dress the generous plain ;
 Work till the sun's bright beams in gold descend,
 Then his slow foot-steps to his cottage bend :
 His cottage teems with many an infant dear,
 His wife—his bed—and all his hopes are there.
 With these he sits a glad and welcome guest,
 'Till lingering twilight points the hour of rest,
 The ruddy family its call obey,
 And rise, all raptures, with the rising day.
 Then farewell, London—here I will remain,
 'Till winter drives me to thy arms again.



NOTTINGHAM ALE.

A BALLAD.

FAIR Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
 Arose from the froth that swam on the sea :
 Minerva crept out of the cranium of Jove,
 A coy, fullen flut, all authors agree.
 Brave Bacchus, they tell us, that prince of good fellows !
 Was his natural son :—But attend to my tale,
 For those that thus chatter, mistake quite the matter,
 He sprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale.
 Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
 No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

And

And when he had emptied the cask whence he sprung,
For want of more liquor, disconsolate grew,
He mounted astride, set his arse on the bung,
And away to the gods and the goddesses flew:
But when he look'd down, and saw the fair town,
To pay it due due honour not likely to fail,
He swore, on all earth, that the place of his birth,
Was the best, for no liquor's like Nottingham ale.

Ye bishops, and deacons, priests, curates, and vicars,
When once you have tasted, you'll own it is true,
That Nottingham ale is the best of all liquors,
And who understands the good creature like you?
It expells every vapour, saves pen, ink, and paper,
And when you're dispos'd in your pulpits to rail,
It will open your throats, you may preach without notes,
When inspir'd by a bumper of Nottingham Ale.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done,
With bolus, and potion, and powder, and pill,
Than hangman with halter, than soldier with gun,
Than miser with famine, or lawyer with quill:
To dispatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor,
'Till our bodies consume, and our faces look pale;
But mind them who please, what cures all diseases,
Is a comforting dose of Nottingham ale.

Ye poets who talk of your Helicon brook,
 Fam'd nectar of gods, and the juice of the vine,
 Who think none can write, but those who invoke
 The friendly assistance of one of the Nine;
 Here liquor surpasses the streams of Parnassus,
 Wine, nectar, and muses, on which gods regale;
 Experience will show it, nought lightens a poet,
 Like a quantum sufficit of Nottingham ale.

Ye lovers, who talk of fire, flame, darts, and daggers,
 With Nottingham ale, ply your mistresses hard,
 The lass that once tastes it, will drink till she staggers,
 And all your past sorrows and sufferings reward;
 You may turn her, and twist her, and do as you list, Sir,
 Engage her but briskly, you're sure to prevail;
 Fill the glass often, there's nothing can soften
 The heart of a woman, like Nottingham ale.
 Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
 No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

SHAKESPEARE'S BEDSIDE. *A new Ballad.*

OLD Shakespeare was sick—for a doctor he sent—
 But 'twas long before any one came;
 Yet, at length, his assistance, Nic Row did present,
 Sure all men have heard of his name.

As he found that the poet had tumbled his bed,
 He smooth'd it as well as he could;
 He gave him an anodyne, comb'd out his head,
 But did his complaint little good;
 Doctor Pope to incision at once did proceed,
 And the bard for the simples he cut;
 For his regular practice was always to bleed,
 Ere the fees in his pocket he put.

Next Tibbald advanc'd, who at best was a quack,
 And dealt but in old women's stuff,
 Yet he caus'd the physician of Twick'nam to pack,
 And the patient grew chearful enough.

Next Hanmer, who fees ne'er descended to crave,
 In gloves lily-white did advance;
 To the poet the gentlest of purges he gave,
 And, for exercise, taught him to dance.

One Warburton then, tho' allied to the church,
 Produc'd his alterative stores;
 But his med'cines the case so oft left in the lurch,
 That Edwards * kick'd him out of doors.

Next Johnson arriv'd to the patient's relief,
 And ten years he had him in hand;
 But tir'd of his task, 'tis the gen'ral belief
 He left him before he could stand.

* One Edwards, an apothecary, who appears to have known more of the poet's case than some of the regular physicians who undertook to cure him.

Now Capel drew near, not a quaker more prim,
 And number'd each hair in his pate ;
 By styptics, call'd stops, he contracted each limb,
 And crippled for ever his gait.

From Gopsal then strutted a formal old goose,
 And he'd cure him by inches, he swore ;
 But when the poor poet had taken one dose,
 He vow'd he would swallow no more.

But Johnson, determin'd to save him or kill,
 A second prescription displayed ;
 And that none might find fault with his drop or his pill,
 Fresh doctors he call'd to his aid :

First, Stevens came loaded with black-letter books,
 Of fame more desirous than pelf ;
 Such reading, observers might read in his locks,
 As no one e'er read but himself.

Then Warner, by Plautus and Glossary known,
 And Hawkins, historian of sound * ;
 Then Warton and Collins together came on,
 For Greek, and potatoes renown'd.

With songs on his pontificalibus pinn'd,
 Next, Percy the great did appear ;
 And Farmer, who twice in a pamphlet had fin'd,
 Brought up the empirical rear.

* From the abilities and application of Sir J. Hawkins, the public is now furnished with a complete History of the Science of Music.

"The cooks the more num'rous, the worse is the broth,"
 Says a proverb I well can believe;
 And yet, to condemn them untry'd, I am loth,
 So at present shall laugh in my sleeve.

RIGDUMFUNNIDOS.

Ad filium meum.

LET others, not thyself proclaim
 Thy deeds of well-deserved fame;
 Sow thou, my son, the seeds of glory,
 And seek renown from future story;
 Beneficent and worthy deeds
 Of glory are most fruitful seeds;
 Tho' long they buried lie, unknown,
 Tho' slow their growth, perceiv'd by none,
 Yet strong and flourishing they rise,
 Thy fame exalting to the skies.
 Thus oaks continually, tho' slow,
 From small neglected acorns grow,
 Firm rooted on some clift they stand,
 Conspicuous beacons through the land;
 Vigorous for ages they defy
 Th' impetuous ragings of the sky.

Ye

Ye whom the whistling of a name,
 Or fickle breath of popular fame,
 Delights, if e'er ye wish to be
 Famous to late posterity,
 The heights of glory ye must climb,
 There stand the stormy test of time ;
 Rest not with narrow views content,
 But boldly scale the deep ascent
 That leads to honour's temple, there
 The prospect is all wide and fair ;
 Around a subject world is spread,
 A world which looks with reverent dread,
 Temper'd by grateful love, on you,
 Mankind's best friends, the blessed few,
 To whom that sacred fane is given,
 Sublimest recompense of heaven.
 O ! how delightful to review
 A life in virtuous deeds well-spent !
 The pleasure how sincere and true,
 When conscience, in herself content,
 Calmly reposing in the shade,
 For heav'nly contemplation made,
 Sees a long train of years strong mark'd
 By deeds of public worth !——

Desunt cetera.

To Cælia, upon hearing her wish for a Genius for
POETRY.

Said to be written by the Rev. Mr. C.

CÆLIA to Phœbus thus address'd
The secret wishes of her breast :
" Oh would'st thou graciously dispense
To me poetick influence,
In elegiac verse to show
The lover's joy, the lover's woe ;
Or with keen satire's edge t' entice
From the smooth path of tempting vice ;
Or borne aloft on epick wing,
Heroick deeds like Homer sing ;
Happy would then thy votary be,
And tune her sounding lyre to thee."
Apollo heard the offer'd pray'r,
And thus address'd the suppliant fair:
" When the great parent Jove design'd
To form and fashion womankind,
Two vessels by his side were set,
This white as snow, that black as jet ;
This every female worth contain'd,
That ev'ry vice and frailty stain'd :
Now this, now that, he sometimes us'd,
For ev'ry female he produc'd ;

Hence

Hence in their structure 'tis we see
 The glaring contrariety.
 Now Chloe's smile enslaves the heart,
 Now frowardness repels the dart;
 Now Phyllis yields to pity's force,
 Now avarice obstructs its course.
 But when intent on forming you,
 From the white urn alone he drew;
 Each God his darling virtue laid,
 For Jove to form th' accomplish'd maid;
 Beauty and wisdom to enslave,
 That Venus; this, Minerva gave;
 Juno her grace without her ire,
 And I breath'd in poetick fire;
 But when Jove saw the work complete,
 And every grace united meet;
 Left mortals think us partial grown
 By centering excellence in one,
 (As of her sister we've been told,
 For forming her of purest mould,*
 And as that charge we can't deny)
 Ye bright frequenters of the sky,
 I do decree, the godhead said,
 Tho' I'll not mar the work I've made,
 Such diffidence I'll make her feel,
 As shall in part her worth conceal;
 And tho' I grant she's born a poet,
 I do declare—she shall not know it."

* The Authorefs of the Exemplary Mother---School for Wives, &c.

On VOLTAIRE.*

YOU ask why Frenchmen are inclin'd
To damn poor Shakespeare whole;—
It is, that none who read may find
How much Voltaire has stole.

His Orosmane would not have learn'd,
O'er Zayre dead to bellow,
If Shakespeare's scenes he ne'er had turn'd,
And filch'd from black Othello.

With Seide's guilty fears, the stage
Had never been delighted,
Unless Macbeth's immortal page
Had taught him to be frightened.

For shame, sweet bard of Ferney's woods,
Restrain this graceless ire;
Nor strive, when thou hast stol'n the goods,
To set the house on fire!

* Mr. S. one of the late editors of Shakespeare, has exposed some of the falsehoods of Voltaire; and I doubt not but that every reader will join with me in the wish, that the same commentator had followed him through the whole course of his childish and malignant criticisms.

X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X

ODE to FRIENDSHIP.

O Thou, the choicest boon of heav'n!
To cheer life's painful tumults giv'n,
And blunt the sting of woe!

When silent grief, or wild despair,
Or pining want, the bosom share,
Its keen and with'ring foe.

By * Latium's tender-fated pair,
Whose laurel'd virtues flourish fair,
Twin'd with the Mantuan bays;
By them, bright goddesses! I implore
The milder influence of thy pow'r,
To aid my votive lays!

Let youth with fickle fondness rove
Thro' all the loose delights of love,
With restless wild desire;
Tho' beauty smile with soften'd brow,
And ev'ry melting charm bestow,
And all her joys inspire,

* Nisus & Euryalus.—Vide Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 9.

Yet soon the rapt'rous reign is o'er,
Her ardent pleasures charm no more,
The airy phantom flies!
While stupid sloth or pining care,
Pale rage, or ever-wild despair,
Her absent bliss supplies!

O, blind to all that soothes the heart!
Who prize the purchas'd smiles of art,
By fancied joys beguil'd!
The love that wasting grief disarms,
Beams from the virgin's modest charms,
In melting radiance mild!

While life's vain joys my breast allure,
On thee my hopes recline secure,
My artless steps to guide;
Thy wisdom points with guardian care,
The latent rock, the fatal snare,
In fortune's flatt'ring tide.

O, balm of youth! O, light of age!
Long may thy pow'r my mind engage,
And tune my faithful song!
Long friendship let my bosom prove,
The kindred warmth of social love,
And life's best joys prolong!

Portsmouth.

ALEXIS.



SONNET.

*To a Lady who carried off two Volumes of the Author's Poems,
Dec. 1773.*

THIEF of my rhymes! O more unpitied thief
Than ever plunder'd from the poor man's store,
Robb'd the pale widow in the hour of grief,
Or from its hand the orphan's pittance tore!
O theft of deeper dye than that of yore,
When Phœbus, by the charm of beauty led,
Like some poor swain, Admetus' cattle fed,
And he, the god of many mischiefs, bore
His songs, his flocks, his flute, from fair Thessalia's shore.
Yet, hadst thou, all rapacious as thou art,
Known the long travel that thy bard sustain'd,
To bear these simple children of his heart;
How oft from youthful pastime he refrain'd,
Some thought of pity had, perchance, remain'd,
And left them in these lonely shades, to cheer
His pensive moments, when December drear,
The thief of nature, all her aspect stain'd
With one unvary'd gloom, and one dull horror reign'd.

Thief

Thief of my rhymes ! O worse than other thieves !

They take the paltry goods that fortune brought,
But this the foul a rifled pilgrim leaves,
And robs her of her little hoard of thought.

Sore is my wrath, sore vengeance have I fought.
Tremble, ye miscreants, that in after times
Shall rob an angry poet of his rhymes,

Which he with toil of five long years hath bought.
Or from their dim cell draw the cobwebs he hath wrought.

Of that sweet stream whose witching draught inspires
Illusive dreams the woes of life to hide,

That, lull'd a while by more than mortal lyres,

Repose— but soon, on Fancy's ebbing tide,

Emerge enormous, and more dreadful ride.

That stream, divinely dangerous, may'st thou more
And deeper drink than any bard before ;

And the long gloom of dark December 'bide
In B——'s leafless shades to hear a poet chide,

CHIRON.



The TOWER and the IVY, a TALE.

Addressed to the Admirers of SHAKESPEARE.

A MIDST a dreary British plain,
 Where silence stretch'd its languid reign ;
 Where many a structure, once renown'd,
 In length of ruin press'd the ground,
 And few disturb'd their long repose,—
 A venerable Tow'r arose.
 Against its shatter'd sides had beat
 The winter's hail and summer's heat,
 The marks of envious years it bore,
 And deep its walls were channel'd o'er :
 Its cornice, hewn from faithless stone,
 With half its shapes grotesque, was gone :
 Its mould'ring pinnacles declin'd,
 Expos'd to every change of wind :
 Yet, spite of light'ning, storm, or flood,
 Its adamant center stood ;

* This tale, or fable, (call it what you please) was written before the appearance of the new edition of Shakespeare, from which the author has received both instruction and entertainment, nor would justice to the editors have permitted him to publish a poetical sketch of such a tendency, but that he can avail himself at the same time of an opportunity to exempt them from the general censure.

Erect

Erect it stood, in scorn of fate,
And frown'd, irregularly great.

Beneath its base, by weeds o'erspread,
The servile Ivy rear'd its head :
But still, by rev'rend awe restrain'd,
In low obscurity remain'd.

The Tow'r beheld its cringing twine,
Nor guess'd the reptile's vain design ;
But, come, thou modest plant, it said,
Thy verdure soon may quit the shade,
And shield each space my rifts between,
With pale diversities of green :
While thou, protected from the blast,
Which oft amidst thy leaves has pass'd,
May'st find thy weakness well supply'd,
And cling around me like a bride,
At once my joy and safety prove,
And still return me love for love.

The treach'rous ivy heard its call,
And soon approach'd the naked wall ;
First, round the portal's arch it stray'd,
And fill'd the chinks which time had made ;
Next, o'er the pillar'd windows roll'd,
It curl'd its undulating fold :
Then, as encreasing strength it found,
Its mantling arms the pile surround :
At last, with clust'ring foliage spread,
Above the top it rears its head,

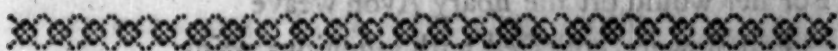
There soon displays its hostile bloom,
And nods like some fantastic plume.

Now, lost is all that solemn air
Which ancient fabrics joy to wear;
No more it yields a tranquil shade:
To Meditation, pensive maid,
Or hears the poet's moral sigh,
While echoes to his strains reply;
Or, pleas'd from early morn till night,
Attracts the antiquarian's sight;
But clam'rous pies and bats obscene
The silence break, that rul'd within:
Its simple grace no more commands
A formal arbour now it stands
Involv'd in flutt'ring leaves and show;
'Twas once a Druid, now a Beau.

Such, Shakespeare, such thy fate has been,
Thus useless learning clouds thy scene!
Of trivial, careless slips afraid,
Thou call'dst the critics to thy aid,
To clear the line where error crept,
And wake the jest that long had slept,
Explain the dark allusion's force,
Or trace the fable to its source;
But, damp'd is now thy nobler rage
While snarling elves usurp thy page,
Their troops to mimic combats draw,
And run to break a lance of straw;

In

In pedant rags, from curious eyes,
 Thy plain magnificence disguise,
 On ev'ry side thy sense enclose,
 And hide the Tow'r by which they rose!



The LOST SHEPHERDESS.

To H. M. on her appearing in the character of a Shepherdess of the Alps, at a late Masquerade.

I.

A Tender tale, O Hannah, wilt thou hear,
 That makes thine aged shepherd's heart full gay?
 Tho' length of days untuned hath his ear,
 And stole his easy melody away;
 Yet shalt thou once indulge what once was dear,
 And sigh to think how many a sweeter lay
 The harpy hands of time and death have snatch'd away!

II.

O Hannah, late o'er this sequester'd wild
 Sought my sad steps for ev'ry mournful shade,
 All wrapt in sorrow for a long-lov'd child
 That, hapless, from her father's fields had stray'd.
 And, oh! said I, what caitiff has beguil'd.
 With wizard arts, my unsuspecting maid?
 And to the baneful lures of courtly haunts betray'd.

Long

III.

Long grieved my heart, and cause had I to grieve
 For her, the pride of these distinguish'd plains ;
 For her would oft Sabrina deign to leave
 Her purple waves, and listen to her strains ;
 For her would oft the hoary Avon weave
 Fair flowers, collected with ingenious pains,
 From banks where Shakespeare dream'd in slumber's fairy
 chains.

IV.

With happiness her tuneful lay began,
 With early virtue, and with moral care ;
 And well could she each female folly scan,
 And teach the thoughtless elfin to beware.
 Ah, me ! said I, that e'er so fair a plan
 Like fancy's fabrics should dissolve in air !
 Where now her peaceful shades, her solitudes, ah ! where ?

V.

Oft has she sung, that in the humble shed,
 Far from the specious walks of splendid care,
 Fair peace resides, from courts and cities fled,
 And cherishes the silent virtues there :
 And still with these her gentle life she led—
 Then, woe the thought ! that ever life so fair,
 Should to the baneful lures of courtly haunts repair !

Thus

VI.

Thus in the shade of Mendif's mountain's wild,
 I wak'd the lyre, and fondly fed my woe ;
 And oft the muse that wayward woe beguil'd,
 And lent me soothing strains, and accents flow ;
 When late a lovely form, advancing, smil'd,
 And " Swain," she cry'd, " thy tender grief forego,
 " Nor for thy Laura lost, let fancy'd sorrows flow.

VII.

" She is not lost—shepherd, she treads the plain,
 " She winds the hills, and wakes the vocal glade ;
 " Yet not where Avon murmurs to the main,
 " Nor on Sabrina's margin hath she stray'd,
 " In other fields she joins the choral train,
 " Where Rhoetian hills the neighb'ring skies invade,
 " And Alpine fairies dance along the star-light shade.

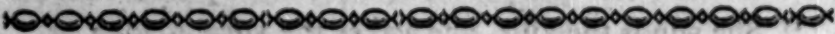
VIII.

" O, wilds of Rhoetia ! with her presence blest'd,
 " Your mountains melt their everlasting snow,
 " Bare their green bosoms for so great a guest,
 " And Athesis essays a softer flow.
 " At her soft lay, your ruder voice shall rest,
 " Ye storms that o'er Tellina's valley blow,
 " And Adda's angry waves roll indolently flow."

She

IX.

She said, and o'er my languid temples threw
 A wreath of flow'rs my Laura's hand had twin'd;
 Right well the fancy of that wreath I knew,
 And with sweet hope allay'd my anxious mind;
 Happy my lovely shepherdess to view
 In foreign scenes, for nobler fame design'd,
 Than dies in Mendip's shades, dies on the murm'ring wind,
 CHIRON.



A CHARACTER.

Addressed to Miss ----- of H--ps---d.

WHILE priestly malice haunts thy fated name,
 And taints each relique of thy mangled fame,
 Invented falsehoods eager to disperse
 By hints imperfect, and unmeasur'd verse;
 Say, shall some friendly hand its aid bestow,
 And rend the veil that hides the treach'rous foe,
 While each bright form in H—g—e's airy groves
 Invites to drag him from the gloom he loves?

If lib'ral art can native sense refine,
 Majestic Clara, sure that palm is thine!
 Some idler muse might faded incense breathe,
 Or load thy graces with an aukward wreath;

Adown

Adown thy neck the wand'ring sapphires spread,
Or dip thy blushes in the morning's red ;
For ears unletter'd, empty sounds may lull,
Of meaning guiltless, and politely dull ;
While scorn'd by thee, rolls on the hackney'd strain—
Where scales are used, light money shines in vain,

But low'ring Strato cries—Hold ! falsehood, hold !
Strato, whose rhimes their still-born tale have told.

Strato, whose pride unfix'd by serious matter,
From ambling sermons, drops to limping satire :

Strato, content by cringing tricks to thrive,
Who earns three meals a-year from flatter'd Cl—e :

Strato, whose visage wears a joyless sneer :

A sickly compound, pale with spleen and fear,

For Strato doats on little self alone,

And dreads all talents greater than his own :

Strato, whose ears each gossip news attend :

(Hence Parson Tattle is his chosen friend)

Strato, whose muse can leave her spurious weight,

Her bundlet rickets, at a neighbour's gate :

Strato, whose humours various as the wind,

No object fastens, and no favours bind :

Strato, who wrongs the gen'rous hand that led

A kindred beauty to his nuptial bed ;

But his fell hate, o'erpow'rs each grateful tie,

As noxious damps bid guiding tapers die :

His picture last shall this strong trait receive,

Oblige but Strato, and he'll ne'er forgive.

Clara,

Clara, farewell!—and if some likeness shines
Through the rough medium of these hasty lines,
Exclaim like Zanga, o'er thy prostrate foe,

“Why this is well, why this is blow for blow!”*

Oxford, July 28.

*Verses in the Pump-room at Bath. Said to be written
by a Gentleman at Oxford.*

I.

ALWHYLE ye drynke, 'midst age and ache ybent,
Ah creep not comfortlesse besyde our stream;
(Sweete nurse of hope) affliction's downwarde sente,
Wythe styll smalle voyce, to rouse from thryftlesse dreame,
Each wyng to prune, that shyfty the everie spraie
In wytleffe flyghte, and chyrpy the lyfe awaie.

II.

Alwhyle ye lave—such solace may be founde,
“When kynde the hande, why 'neath its healyng faynte?
“Payne shall recure the heartes corrupted wounde,
“Farre gone is that whych feeleteh not its playnte.
“By kyndrede angel smote, Bethesda gave
“Newe vyrtues forthe, and felte her troublede wave.”

* Young's tragedy of the Revenge.

Thus

Thus drynke, thus lave—nor evermore lamente;
 Oure sprynges but flowe pale anguish to befriende;
 How fayre the meede that followethe contente!
 How bleste to live, and fynde suche anguish mende!
 How bleste to dye when sufferynge faith makes sure,
 At lyfe's high founte, an everlastynge cure!

EDGAR.

T H E L A W Y E R S.

To the Tune of the GEORGIANS.

OF all professions on the globe
 The coifed gown and scarlet robe
 Most mis'ry do create;
 Instead of soothing down your cares,
 They serve but to perplex affairs,
 And bring them to debate.

Whether your cause be good or bad,
 Whilst there is money to be had,
 They'll still your suit maintain:
 It is the bus'ness of their life
 'Twixt greatest friends to stir up strife,
 Whose quarrels are their gain.

There

There are such quibbles and such quirks
 Between attorneys and their clerks,
 Their clients to confound;
 That all they study, day and night,
 Is to make wrong appear like right,
 And ring the changes round.

Since lawyers are such common pests,
 Avoid them as you would the nests

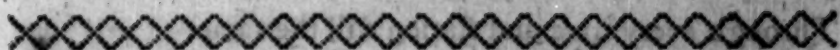
Of hornets newly flown;
 And whilst you live, beware of law,
 It is the hungry lion's paw,
 That tears the flesh from bone.

But hold, my muse, let's not run on
 As if we never would have done,

But seek what to defend:
 O yes! (in justice be it said)
 They will (when all their fees are paid)
 A reference recommend.

EXPERTUS.

PRO.



P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by a Great Personage * before the Tragedy of Cato, in the year 1749, when he performed the part of Portius.*

TO speak with freedom, dignity and ease,
 To learn those arts which may hereafter please,
 Wise authors say—let youth, in earliest age,
 Rehearse the poet's labours on the stage.
 Nay more—a nobler end is still behind,—
 The poet's labours elevate the mind ;
 Teach our young hearts with generous fire to burn,
 And feel the virtuous sentiments we learn :
 T'attain these glorious ends, what play so fit
 As that where all the powers of human wit
 Combine, to dignify great Cato's name,
 To deck his tomb, and consecrate his fame ?
 Where liberty—O name for ever dear !
 Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear,
 Nor pains nor death to guard our sacred laws,
 But bravely perish in our country's cause.

* His present Majesty when Prince of Wales.

VOL. I.

I

Patriots

Patriots indeed—worthy that honest name,
 Through every time and station still the same.
 Should this superior to my years be thought,
 Know—'tis the first great lesson I was taught.
 What, tho' a boy, it may with pride be said,
 A boy, in England born, in England bred,
 Where freedom well becomes the earliest state,
 For there the love of liberty's innate.
 Yet more—before my eyes those heroes stand,
 Whom the great William brought to bless this land,
 To guard with pious care that generous plan
 Of pow'r well bounded—which he first began.
 But while my good forefathers fire my mind,
 The friends, the joy, the glory of mankind,
 Can I forget that there is one more dear?—
 But he is present—and I must forbear.

 AN INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

O cara pretiosa Salus!

DESCEND, Hygeia, from thy seat, the effulgent realms
 above,
 Bright source of bliss! angelic maid, sprung from Olym-
 pian Jove!

From

From Salus fount, where thou presid'st, regard the plaintive call,

Of suffering mortals, who for aid before thy altar fall.
Of earthly joy, efficient cause! from thy salubrious springs!
In balmy currents, O diffuse to life what relish brings!

How tasteless sublunary comforts all, that can from riches flow,

Unless within the human breast thy emanations grow,
Bedeck'd with pomp, with power, with state, yet want the blifs of health,

The wretched mortals fighting cries, "The impotence of wealth!"

From pallid sickness, direful state, and all her meagre train,
Can gold procure one moment's ease, one interval from pain?

Have'st their state from whom withdrawn thy radiant beams divine!

Depriv'd of thy sustaining arm, thy potent aid benign!
Whose frame's disease, by wasting steps, diurnally decay;
In whom the lurking seeds of death evince their sov'reign sway;

Languid, depress'd, and suffering life before thy altar fall,
In feeblest accents urge their pray'rs, and for thy succour call.

The tyrant death in various shapes, a grim terrific band,
Confess'd in all their dread array, before their presence stand;

Struggling for life, just hov'ring round the confines of the
grave,

For thy salubrious draught they pray ; 'tis only those can
save,

Regard their moans, celestial maid ! behold their abject
state !

Be thou their Ægis, their defence against impending fate,
So shall their pray'rs to thee and heav'n in hecatombs arise,
Their grateful breaths in chorus join'd, shall rend the lofty
skies.

Thrice happy they, whose vig'rous forms confess thy tender
care !

In whom the blooming rays of health in ruddy signs appear,
Whose well strung nerves, athletic limbs, thy genial influ-
ence show ;

In whom the Tyrian streams of life in limpid currents flow.
Unknown to these, the dreadful hours, the tedious nights
of pain,

The wretches feel whom sickness holds the victims of her
reign.

Nogleam of hope, no pause from pain, in future they sur-
vey ;

One constant gloom their minds possess, without one cheer-
ing ray.

The beauteous scene creation yields, to them no pleasure
give ;

What joy imparts her brightest scenes, when mis'ry 'tis to
live ?

The

The heav'n-implanted ray divine, mankind's peculiar boast,
Restrain'd her sallies, check'd her flights, her genial ardour
lost.

Genius, whose soaring pow'rs could scan the system of the
skies,

To the stern fiat Sickness, gives a languid victim, lies.

Unbounded thoughts, which unconfin'd thro' heav'n and
earth could rove,

Their animating source now stop'd, their springs forget to
move.

Those brilliant pow'rs so lately hers, which bounteous nature
gave,

In vain exert their influence now, to 'scape the impending
grave.

That tongue, whose pow'rs energetic caught the passions by
surprise,

No more is heard, her silver sounds its wonted use denies.

Nature's prime work, the human form, in heav'nly semblance
made,

Its glorious image now defac'd, in abject state is laid.

Victims unnumber'd prostrate fall, fulfilling her command,
Exempt nor health, nor youth, nor strength, from her afflicting
hand ;

Robb'd of the rosy glowing tints, the radiance of her eyes
Languid expiring, pale and wan, all conqu'ring beauty
dies.

Charms that so late employ'd each song, the theme of
ev'ry breath,

Now fled and gone, no traces left, a prey to ruthless death :
Clouded and dim, her lustre gone, that eye once heav'nly
bright,

Approaching now the gaol of life, must close in endless
night.

O rosy maid, diffuse thy beams ! thy all-enliv'ning ray !

For thy balsamic healing aid, thy suff'ring vot'ries pray ;

O to their humble ardent pray'rs with ear benign attend !

From thy celestial radiant throne, salubrious mandates
send !

Bid the health-teeming gales descend propitious from the
skies ;

Bid them the bed of languor leave, with renovation rise.

O let the vivid breezes blow ! to them their influence bear ;
To action move their ceasing springs, their sinking spirits
chear.

Thus from the grave's tremendous verge, to life by thee
restor'd,

In hymns of joy by millions rais'd, thy name shall be
ador'd,

G. L----D.

Wandsworth, July 14.

The

The P A T R I O T S.

IN seventeen hundred and forty-five

When black rebellion was alive,

And with a giant-stride came forth

From her bleak den the stormy North ;

Jack, who by creditors unkind,

Had long in prison been confin'd,

At window bars, half-starv'd, half-bare,

Standing to breathe the wholesome air,

Who should pass by, in martial geer,

But swaggering Tom, the grenadier.

“ Hollo—now Thomas, what's the crack ?”

“ Why, worse than bad enough, friend Jack :

“ They say—(damn him)—the young Pretender

“ Bids fair to be our faith's Defender ;

“ And rebels now are brim with hope

“ To bring in Charley and the Pope.”

Quo' Jack, with lengthen'd rueful face,

“ Good heav'n forbid :—if that's the case,

“ Our liberty's for ever gone,

“ And poor Old-England quite undone !”

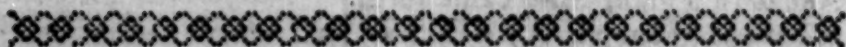
“ Our liberty ! cries Tom---what's worse,

“ A thousand times a greater curse,

" If the Pretender mounts the throne,
 " Damme---our dear religion's gone!"

Thus Jack in jail exclaims and fears
 Freedom will be abolish'd:
 While swaggering Tom, soldier-like, swears
 The church will be demolish'd.

I. R.



E P I G R A M.

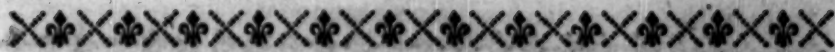
In imitation of MARTIAL. Non amo te, Sabidi, &c.

S LAND'RER, that thou and thine may know
 I love thee not, I tell thee so,
 The reason here I'll not disclose,
 Though I could quickly, if I chose;
 Pert, empty fool, I'll this allow,
 I hate thee, that's sufficient now.

Nov. 19.

*J. Newell Puddicombe,
 A youth of Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire.*

On



On the Day of Judgment.

By Dr. SWIFT, and not published among his Works.

WITH undigested thoughts oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.

An horrid vision seiz'd my head,

I saw the graves yawn up their dead;

Jove, arm'd with terrors, ope'd the skies,

The thunder roars, and light'ning flies;

While each pale spectre hangs its head,

Jove nodded, burst the clouds, and said,——

“ You whom the various sects have sham'd,

“ And come to see each other damn'd,

“ As priests have threaten'd, (though they knew

“ No more of my decrees than you)

“ The world's vain business now being o'er,

“ Such dogmas may prevail no more;

“ I 'gainst such blockheads set my wit:

“ I damn you all !---Go, go, you're bit.”*

* By the late Mr. M'Millan, who published the above lines as Dr. Swift's.



The T E A R.

HOW prone the bosom is to sigh !
How prone to weep the human eye !
As through this painful life we steer,
This valley of the sigh and tear.

When saints lift up their souls in pray'r,
Redeem'd from sin, remorse, and care,
Possess'd with hope and holy fear,
'Tis then the Christian's pious tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends, long absent, meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet friendship's joyful tear.

When, by the heart, with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can chear,
'Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.

When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then alas ! the parting tear.

Where

Where wretches on the earth reclin'd,
 Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
 (The end of earthly being near)
 'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear.

When one friend sees another bleed,
 Or suffer anguish, pain, or need,
 Then, then, involv'd in smart severe,
 We drop the sympathetic tear.

If, on some lovely creature's face,
 Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
 A pearly drop should once appear,
 'Tis then the lovely beauteous tear.

When mothers (O the grateful sight !)
 Their children view with fond delight ;
 Surrounded by a charge so dear,
 'Tis then the sweet maternal tear.

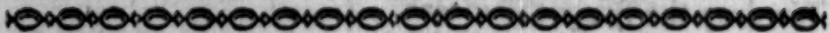
When lovers see the beauteous maid,
 To whom their fond attention's paid,
 With conscious blushing fobs draw near,
 'Tis then the lovely pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
 By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
 Behold their dreaded parting near,
 'Tis then, O ! then, the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with fins oppress'd,
 Strikes, in an agony, his breast;
 When torn with guilt, distress, and fear,
 'Tis then the best, the saving tear.

Friday, Aug. 18.

E. F.



*To the memory of Mr. BURGH, a learned School-master,
 and the ingenious and laborious author of Political
 Disquisitions, and the Dignity of Human Nature.*

By CAPT. THOMPSON.

BENEATH this sod, conceal'd from mortal eyes,
 The dignity of human nature lies.
 What is this dignity, the sophists scan?
 "The noblest work of God—an honest man."

A little

*A little Man's little Ode on a little Woman frying
Bacon.*

DORINDA's bacon
Off the hooks,
Was lately taken
By the rooks.

Fretting, displeas'd
With maid and man,
Dorinda seiz'd
The frying-pan.

"How dare ye, fellow,

"Stuff your guts?

"Give me the bellows!

"Fly, fly, ye fluts!

"My grandfire lord,

"So great, so rich,

"(As tales record)

"Could eat a fitch.

"But is it meet

"These slaves of mine

"Should take and eat

"Up all the swine?

"I'll

" I'll try to taste

" A little slice,

" And bar the waste

" Of two-legg'd mice."

She tried her pow'r,

Her pow'r repeats,

And every hour

Scolds, fries, and eats.

X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X

*Verses addressed to Miss D-----N, in Drontheim,
in Norway.*

I.

WHILE D-----n with gay delight

Among the Gothic fair appears ;

As Cynthia in a cloudless night,

Serene amidst the meaner stars ;

Like the poor bard of Thrace I rove,

Forlorn, and weep my absent love.

II.

No more I visit Glencoe's vale,

Where shepherds meet in social glee,

Where oft thy beauty grace their tale,

Where oft they sing of love and thee :

No more I hunt in shades unseen,

My goddess hid, my rural queen.

But

III.

But like that injur'd Cretan maid.

Who lorn on desert Naxos stood,

And her Theseus' sails display'd,

Her swift bark plow the Ægean flood;

I loveless live, by love undone,

And haunt the shores, and weep alone.

IV.

Unless at eve in sweeter strains,

My sad plaint Progne's sister join,

When echo tells the distant plains

Of Tereus' cruelty and thine;

But oh! my bosom trebly glows

With Philomela's fabled woes.

V.

Not all the love and anxious cares

That rack the fond maternal breast,

Whose darling son pursues the wars,

And dangers of the farthest east,

Nor grief of childless Niobe,

Can equal what I feel for thee.

VII.

Soon as the hov'ring shades of night

Are westward driv'n by jocund day,

I rise, and from some cheerless height,

Afar the shipless waves survey;

And to the senseless flood complain

Of hopeless love and cold disdain.

Or

VII.

Or on some cliff that beetles o'er
 The margin of the boist'rous deep,
 I sit, and hear the billows roar,
 And with the love-lorn echo weep,
 'Till the bright ev'ning star appears,
 And Cynthia witnesses to my tears.

VIII.

In old time each revolving night,
 Fair Hero from the turret high,
 Her cresset hung, whose cheerful light
 Far streaming thro' the dark'ned sky,
 Was young Leander's faithful guide
 O'er Hellespont's rough billowy tide.

IX.

But tho' from some cloud-kissing tower,
 Thy lamp, like Vesper's ev'ning star,
 Shone for my Tyrian Cynosure,
 Yet ah! what vent'rous lover dare
 The wild waves of the Norway sea?
 And ev'ry ship's deny'd to me.

X.

Come then, while now propitious gales
 Swift Eurus wings from Eastern skies,
 For sea-girt Albion spread thy sails.
 Nor fear that adverse winds arise;
 And pitiless at Neptune's shrine
 Devote that sacred head of thine.

For

XI.

For Venus o'er her native seas
 Shall guide thy bark from dangers free,
 And Æol temper ev'ry breeze,
 And Nereus smoothe the waves for thee.
 For thee shall Cynthia nightly rise,
 Illume the deep, and gild the skies.

XII

Chaste queen of stars! when thund'ring Jove
 Endymion curs'd with endless sleep,
 She, veil'd in clouds, and led by love,
 Sought the dear youth on Latmus steep,
 And on her unpolluted breast
 Pillow'd his head to sweeter rest.

XIII.

But thou art cold as polar snow,
 And Cynthia's kindness laugh to scorn;
 Thy Scythian heart nor feels for woe,
 Nor yields to love the least return:
 For years I've mourn'd thy fierce disdain,
 Unpity'd sigh'd, and wept in vain.

XIV.

Go then, my verse, that softening fire
 To Peggy's frozen breast impart,
 Which tun'd the Thracian poet's lyre,
 And melted Pluto's stubborn heart;
 With which the Paphian goddess strung
 The Lesbian lute, when Sappho sung.

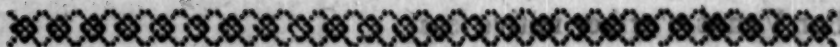
G. P. O.

Vol. I.

K

J. H.

The



*The following Lines were written upon Mrs. CREWE,
by the Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.*

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love:
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell!
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.—
Is't reason? no; that my whole life will belye,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
Oh no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

131

Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
 For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.
 That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
 Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
 But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,
 I am still but too ready to feel them again.
 If then for this once in my life I am free,
 And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
 'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
 For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms:
 As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not their warmth, though their splendor we
 praise,
 So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.

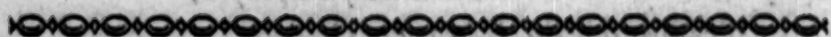


HOMER HUMBL'D. *An Epigram.*

CRIES Macpherson with pride, every mortal that knows
 him

Must own the sublime lofty pow'r of his pen;
 But I will so change and so metamorphose him,
 Not one in a thousand shall know him again,

Cut him up.



TO GENERAL GAGE.

“ —Your prisoners, whose lives, by the law of the land, are *destin'd to the cord, &c.*”

G. Gage's Letter to General Washington.

THESE polish'd times, we must allow,
Expressions neat afford ;

We never talk of hanging now,
But destine to the cord.

Triumphant Gage has banish'd far
Hanging, that vulgar word :
Happy no doubt his pris'ners are
When destin'd to the cord.

May equal laurels still adorn
His most tremendous sword,
Till all who treat his name with scorn
Are destin'd to the cord !

And yet, great guard of Boston town,
Before your prince can thank ye,
You'll knock a thousand old words down,
But not a single Yanky !

A de-

A description of Dr. DELANY's Villa.

By DR. SHERIDAN.

WOULD you that Delville I describe,
Believe me, Sir I will not gibe ;
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small ?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very center.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight.
Yet in this narrow compass, we
Observe a great variety ;
Both walkss, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grafs, and corn, it yields ;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping :
A razor, tho' to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.

Tho' small's the farm, yet here's a house,
Full large to entertain a mouse ;

But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar.
For, if 'tis enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
Down thro' a thing you call a vale ;
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Or rain along a blade of leek ;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill :
I'm sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Which one poor slug would fare but hard in :
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk ;
Thus I compute what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up thro' a tuft you call your trees,
And once a year a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows.
In vain you then expect its bloom ;
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted feat,
There's nothing but yourself that's great.

Verses

X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X

By MR. M-----s.

What gushing river sweeps the sands,
How swift, how strong, how clear!

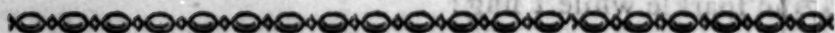
A god.

A goddess, from an ocean sprung,
 In poet's song most odd is :
 Here with more justice may be sung
 An ocean than a goddess.

With joy, ye waters, while ye glide,
 To neighb'ring rivers tell,
 How Venus pour'd her ample tide
 From her capacious shell !

Henceforth, the Thames himself shall shrink
 At your more honour'd stream ;
 What once has been my Clara's drink,
 Shall be her poet's theme.

The brook, at first that meanly flows,
 A nobler stream does turn,
 Whene'er the poet's fancy flows
 A goddess and her urn.



The ROSE and LILY.

Addressed to LORD W. and his LADY.

“WHENCE comes it, that in Clara's face
 “The lily only has a place ?”

Whence comes it !—why because the rose
 Is gone to paint her husband's nose.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at Portsmouth, written by the Rev. Mr. Stockdale, Author of the Poet, &c.

HITHER, deputed by theatric friends,
 Whose humble interest on your will depends,
 I come, and aided by the muse's wing,
 Their cause I plead, my humble thanks I bring.
 Ill fated actors! is there here a mind,
 Enlarg'd by thought, by piety refin'd,
 That pities not our complicated woes?
 Or say can human bosoms be our foes?
 Our life with enmity can man relate,
 And make us themes of ridicule or hate?
 Fortune from us withholds her golden store;
 She dooms us exiles, and she dooms us poor:
 The judge appals us with tremendous awe,
 Censure augments each fault, extends each flaw,
 "The world is not our friend, nor the world's law."
 Yet thanks to heav'n! we make no vain appeal
 From those who persecute to those who feel.
 I see your souls, they live along my line;
 In conquering eyes I see compassion shine;

The

The veteran soldier and the dauntless tar,
 For me forget awhile, the deeds of war ;
 Like Romans generous, and like Romans brave,
 They're fierce to conquer, but they're warm to save.

Why do I see my benefactors here,
 Where no melodious Catley charms their ear,
 No mighty Bobadil, nor Shuter's wit,
 Sets in a roar, box, gallery, and pit ?
 For our great Lear's dread storm no thunders roll,
 No Garrick agitates, and thrills the soul.

You fit not here the borrow'd sigh to heave,
 In the bard's luxury of woe to grieve ;
 Your's is a godlike pleasure—to relieve.
 I kneel with rev'rence to superior powers :
 Yours is the glorious part ; the feeling ours :
 Your merit to requite our hearts aspire ;
 You nobly act, with transports we admire,
 O cease not thus to act, at heaven's high call,
 Whose eye paternal sees a sparrow fall ;
 Who gives his azure skies, his genial sun to all."

*To a young Lady who observed that almost all Songs were
alike.*

ELIZA! you say that all songs are the same,
And turn on the subject of love ;
That they paint but the brightness or strength of a flame,
The softness or faith of a dove.

Is it strange, that a regent who governs our lives,
And is ever our blessing or curse,
In stories of prose to be uppermost strives,
Or thrusts himself forward in verse ?

To the free in a court, or the slave in a cell,
This flattering vision remains ;
Tho' in palaces Cupid is happy to dwell,
Yet he visits the wretched in chains,

If gallant and gay, in the reign he refin'd,
Great Villars with Shrewsbury toy'd,
Poor Mary of Scotland, in durance confin'd,
The love of her Bothwell enjoy'd.

Thro'

Thro' every toil of Ulysses, his bride
 Was a hope that surviv'd to the last;
 When to baffle the force of a Cyclop he try'd,
 Or rode through the waves on a mast.

Then say not, Eliza! the passion can tire,
 Or too oft with its shadow we play;
 For you its reality live to inspire,
 And waken each amorous lay.

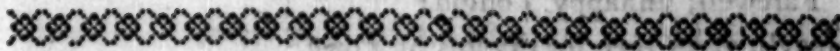
The man who on love is forbidden to write,
 And must heavier studies pursue,
 Should never, Eliza! come into your fight,
 Or venture to listen to you.

Upon Lord STORMONT's losing his *St. Andrew at Court,*
on the 23d of June, 1775.

COULD I in verse the griefs of Scotland paint,
 When stout Lord Stormont lost her Thistle Saint?
 And yet, methinks, she need not thus deplore,
 A Scotsman ne'er lost ought at Court before.

N.

A FARE-



A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

In the year 1717. By A. POPE.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!

Thy fools no more I'll tease;

This year in peace, ye critics dwell,

Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B---- and rough C----s, adieu!

Earl Warwick make your moan,

The lively H----k and you

May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd

Till the third watchman toll;

Let Jervaise gratis paint, and Frowd

Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery

On every learned sot;

And Garth, the best good Christian he,

Altho' he knows it not.

Lintot,

Lintot, farewell ! thy bard must go ;

Farewell, unhappy Tonson !

Heav'n gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,

Lean Phillips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay ? both parties rage ;

My vixen mistress squalls ;

The wits, in envious feuds engage ;

And Homer (damn him !) calls.

The love of art lies cold and dead

In Hallifax's urn ;

And not one muse of all he fed,

Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends by turns, my friends confound,

Betray, and are betray'd :

Poor Y---r's sold for fifty pound,

And B---ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,

When I no favour seek ?

Or follow girls seven hours in eight—

I need but once a-week ?

Still idle, with a busy air,

Deep whimsies to contrive ;

The gayest Valetudinaire,

Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous

Sollicitous for others ends,
 Tho' fond of dear repose ;
 Careless or drowsy with my friends,
 And frolick with my foes.

Laborious lobster-nights, farewell !
 For sober, studious days ;
 And Burlington's delicious meal,
 For fallads, tarts, and pease.

Adieu, to all but Gay alone,
 Whose soul, sincere and free,
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
 And so may starve with me.



*Upon Lord's NORTH's being unanimously elected Chan-
 cellor of Oxford.*

THE times are chang'd—winds are not now as erst.
 What pow'r will do !—See nature here revert !
 Zephyrs from West and South brought florets forth ;
 But now, all vegetation's from the North.

N.

The



The PORTRAIT.

Written at the request of a Gentleman going to be married, dedicated to him by the Author, and published by his permission.

“ No : the world must be peopled.—When I said I
 “ would die a bachelor, I did not think I should
 “ live till I were married.”

Much Ado about Nothing.

YOU ask me, friend, to paint the dame
 Who triumphs o'er your fancy ;
 This canvas shall her charms proclaim,
 As like, Sir, as a tansey.

Her forehead is a pointed hill

Where spring's mix'd colours glow ;
 And crusted warts, like mole-casts, fill
 Th' uneven space below ;—

While emmets round their crumbling edge,
 In search of warmth aspire,
 Till to her hair (a quick-set hedge)
 At night they all retire.

Her

Her nose is like a fountain plac'd
 Her face's center hard on,
 From whence two flowing currents haste
 To water all her garden.

Then, o'er her mouth so hangs this nose,
 That people passing, cry all,
 (As to the sun her teeth she shews)
 " Behold a perfect dial!"

Her many-pimpled cheeks so bright,
 Where oft she goes a worming,
 Disclose all Sodom to the sight,
 Or else Gomorrha burning,

Her eyes, without their share of praise
 Or admiration, some pass,
 But I affirm, her visual rays,
 Like sailors, box the compass.

Her breath, like winds which backward blow,
 We smell, where'er we turn us;
 And Pluto's self would sure allow
 'Tis Styx or pure Avernus.*

Bells backward rung, the screech owls cry,
 Wolves howling at the moon,
 The grunt of boars that hate the sty,
 Are to her voice a tune.

* Styx and Avernus are the rivers of the fabled Hell. Their exhalations were such, that not even a bird could fly over them, and escape with life.

Of ev'ry grace that boasts a name,
 You'll ne'er meet one so full,
 Unless indeed the Cretan dame *
 Again should go to bull.

Ask you who owns these wond'rous charms
 Which magnet-like, all men draw ?—
 Come clasp her in your longing arms,
 And call her Scolopendra. †

And, still to make you less averse
 To wed this *Avis rara*,
 Believe me, she's the full reverse
 Of all I love in Zara.

X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X+X

To Miss ———

HOW fickle a heart would a lover come at
 In a woman divided by this and by that!
 Round the world in six days tho' the wind scarcely run,
 She'll change to each point of her compass in one.

* Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, King of Crete. She fell in love with a bull, and the fruit of her unnatural passion was the Minotaur.

† The Scolopendra is supposed to be the most deformed and venomous of all the serpent race.

At eight to a fool she will never be wife,
For a sensible husband's the blessing of life;
But a rap at the door oversets the design,
And she'll dress to make tea for a coxcomb at nine,

At ten she'll assure you she knows not a friend
Whose tenderness more she is loth to offend :—
But alas ! on her constancy build not your heav'n,
For she'll hardly return your salute by eleven.

At twelve she's her conscience determin'd to search,
And what place so proper for this as a church ?
But at Reda's * near one should she chuse to step in,
You'll guess what a struggle she's making with sin.

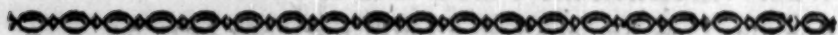
At two she revolves the historical page—
For ignorant women discredit an age—
Yet you'll find her with Mrs. Cornelys by three,
To know when the next masquerade is to be.

By four she's impatient the cloth should be laid,
Her butler's a blockhead, her woman a jade ;
But if Tom brings a note, Sue a fresh pot of paint,
At five one's a wit, and the other a faint.

At six, she's for Shakespeare and Garrick combin'd,
For one best expresses what t'other design'd ;
But at seven you'll meet her, to Garrick uncivil,
Where Macklin with Shakespeare is playing the devil.

* See the cause between Lord Grosvenor and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

Such varied transitions perhaps do not move
 In the steadier breast of the maiden I love;
 Yet, Zara, perhaps in the heap may be shown
 Some change, which a little resembles your own!



O D E

On WILKES's Election for the Lord Mayor.

YE patriot dames, rejoice and sing!
 Let ev'ry lofty steeple ring!
 Butchers, your marrow-bones and cleavers rattle,
 Roar *Io Pæans* o'er your bleeding cattle!
 This day freedom gain'd relief,
 Rejoice, rejoice o'er porter, gin and beef!
 Crack the welkin with huzzas,
 Let bonfires shame the solar rays!
 This election freedom won
 For her noble warlike son:
 Seat him in the curule chair,
 Hail him London's glorious mayor!
 Let Kennet run—and Bellows puff,
 And North, and Mansfield—silent take their snuff!
 And messengers upon the wing,
 Bear hence the glorious news to Britain's King!

Let

Let Hallifax and Shakespeare twine
 Around their necks a home-spun line ;
 And let them wrangle,
 While they dangle,
 Ficking,
 Kicking,
 Tho' thousands gaze—yet no one interposes,
 And constables but blow their snotty noses.

Now the mansion-house illumine,
 Let there be not one dark room in ;
 Let it be so blazing bright,
 That owls may seek the day for fainter light !

Now, ye bards and authors, aid us ;
 Count your fingers—thumb the gradus !
 Give us ev'ry rhyme we wish,
 Ev'ry high poetic dish,
 Cook'd and garnish'd up by Master Bysh !

Ev'ry poet fill his belly
 With plumb-pudding, beef, and jelly,
 'Till bold as Allen, and as Wise as Kelly.

Io Pæans—fill the air !

Such dancing—such cheer,
 We'll have the next year,
 When honest Jack Wilkes is the ogling Lord Mayor,

N.



T E A R S O F I S I S,

On the much lamented death of Mr. WILLIS FAULKENER, of St. Mary-hall Lane, Peruke-maker, Hair-dresser, and Cutter.

Quo tondente gravis juvenis miki barba sonabat

JUVENAL.

THEN thou at last art laid in tomb,
 Best favourite of the time!
 Thou shalt no more thy wife's head comb,
 And she no more comb thine.

The club curtail'd—Carlisle prolix—
 Or macaroni queue—
 The kidney smooth—the knowing twist—
 To form none better knew.

“To build the lofty” firm toupee
 With powder and pomatum,
 Did any base-born barber try,
 He never fail'd to beat 'em,

E'en

E'en Gallia's barbarizing fons,

So skill'd the comb to handle,

To poor departed Willis were

Not fit to hold a candle.

How well he dress'd each gowmsman spruce!

How well his dame dress'd him!

Now she no more shall dress her spouse,

Now he no more-dress them!

He who the razor smooth was wont

With hand so true to wield,

To the sharp razor of old Time

Is forc'd himself to yield!

Alas! he was a barbar brave,

There never liv'd a braver;

Ifis, lamenting o'er his grave,

With tears cries, "that's the shaver!"

How well he knew the hair to cut,

Or thin the large toupee!

But Proserpine was skill'd as well

In these, 'tis plain, as he!

(Tho' some say Proserpine just then

Was rubbing Pluto's head;

So sent experienc'd Dalilah

To cut him in her stead.)

How-

Howe'er, the case is plain as nose
 In face, or I'm mistaken,
 (As nose, by which poor Willis hath
 The boldest of us taken.)

That he will be but powder soon,
 And that his widow'd spouse
 (*Deo volente*) carries on
 The business of the house—

She says, she'll make your curls stand stiff,
 In spite of wind or air ;
 And makes no doubt but she shall suit
 Her masters to a hair,
Surgeons Hall, Oct. 22.



To the Author of the Idyllium to the Bishop of St. Asaph.

I.

DEAR Jo, implore Dan Phœbus skill,
 For Shipley's worn out grey-goose quill
 Must find some aid sublimer still
 Than thine, to sing of Snowdon Hill:

Car.

II.

Carnarvon nymphs, whose glances kill
 The hearts of swains, O lend your skill,
 For Captain Jo, and Shipley will
 Attempt the praise of Snowden Hill.

III.

Such barren scenes the muses chill,
 Your smiles alone benignant will
 Inspire their lifeless lays, until
 They sing your praise, not Snowden Hill.

IV.

Desist, nor take, dear Jo, thy swill
 Of Snowden's streams, or Snowden's rill;
 But drink of * Curws juice a gill,
 More sweet to sing of Snowden Hill.

V.

If sing you must, and sing you will,
 Tho' high the theme and low the skill,
 Take quantum suff. of Truxis' † pill,
 Before you sing of Snowden Hill.

Hispaniensis Llanddusnenfis.

Written at the Windmill, on the first of April.

* Ale. † The British word for a Capta-medicus, a profession of
 repute in Wales.



To —, on a mistaken Attachment.

By MR. M—s.

ADVICE, that opposes a passion like thine,
 May rash and ungrateful appear ;
 Yet friendship forbids me a truth to decline,
 Though it hope not thy patience to hear.

It grieves me to see thee thus covet with rage,
 A heart that no merit can move ;
 While wealth, with disease, or libidinous age,
 In a moment would melt her to love.

And more still I'm griev'd, that a whim-begot aim,
 In spleen, fits and idleness bred,
 Should now, by long habit, be nurs'd to a flame,
 And thy heart be thus dup'd by thy head.

Believe me, my friend, though thy well-fashion'd form
 Was adorn'd with the mind of a god ;
 Not all their joint powers that bosom cou'd warm,
 Or awaken that spiritless clod.

Some

Some hundreds have try'd her, with lessons refin'd,
As the road to her rust-eaten dower;
And some all the sense-winning arts have combin'd,
But like Danae she will have her shower.

Her fancy is lifeless, and sluggish her sense;
Abortive each wish and desire:
And her nerves only stretch to the sound of the pence,
Her touchstone of amorous fire.

Her lips are no road to her hand or her heart;
They've a cramp-flesh, and blood cant dissever;
And unless your warm touch burns with Midas's art,
You may press and implore her for ever.

Cou'd your purse, like your passion solicit her mind,
She would strike to the price of your wishes;
Both her body and soul are on sale to mankind,
For a swain with the loaves and the fishes.

But in vain does your barber new miracles try,
And your tongue flow with Paris-bred jargon;
The head of your cane has more charms in her eye,
And if gold, reasons best for the bargain.

Could a coffin a richer-bred passion unfold,
She wou'd gaze with more rapture upon it,
And the squeak of the hinge was the metal but gold,
Wou'd prevail o'er thy love-labour'd sonnet.

Nay, should you, by teasing, her temper subdue,
And her heart at the church was relenting ;
The price of the bride-cake would rise to her view,
And she'd sneak to her dust-hole repenting.

Desist then, my friend, and thy reason regain,
Let the rebel return to his duty ;
Discard the foul ideot at once from thy brain,
And do justice to passion and beauty.

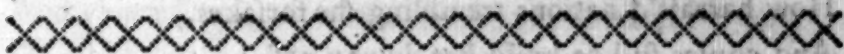
As int'rest first taught your vain wish for a bride,
Though fate faves your side from the thorn ;
You may still be a gainer, the curse throw aside,
And pocket the blessing, her scorn.

Love should be a commerce, our bliss to improve,
And where nature denies a return,
Spurn the profitless curse, for man is'nt, thank Jove,
Like the Phoenix, self-fated to burn.

Bring thy penitent vows to wrong'd Venus's shrine,
Treat her scorn, like the scheme, with a laugh,
Breathe out the pure flame to some nymph half divine,
And leave her to bow down to the calf.

M—S.

Written



*Written in the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford's
Library, at Wimpole, 1729,*

By SOAME JENYNS,

WHO uninspir'd can tread this sacred ground,
With all the sons of fame encompass'd round?
Where crown'd with wreaths of ever verdant bays,
Each sister art her willing charms displays.
Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
There marble busts illustrious faces show;
And in old coins are little heroes seen,
With venerable rust of ages, green.
Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By gothic fire, or persecution's rage,
Perfect and fair, un-number'd volumes stand,
By providence preserv'd for Oxford's hand.

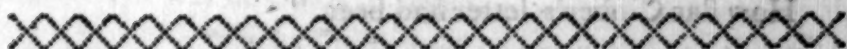
Whilst thus within these learned walls I stray,
At once all climes and ages I survey;
On fancy's wings I fly from shore to shore,
Recall past time, and live whole æras o'er;
Converse with heroes fam'd in ancient song,
And bards, by whom those heroes breathe so long;

Observe

Observe each progress wit and learning makes ;
How harass'd nations trembling she forsakes,
And chuses still to build her downy nest
In happier climes with peace and plenty blest.
See how, in fam'd Augustus' golden days,
She triumphs, crown'd with universal praise !
Approaches thrones with a majestic air,
The Prince's mistress, and the statesman's care :
Mæcenas shines in every classic page,
Mæcenas, once the Harley of his age.
No meaner charms in Albion she displays,
Invited thither by Saturnian days,
When Anna's prudent hand the scepter sway'd,
And Oxford lent the drooping muses aid :
By him inspir'd, see all the tuneful train,
In Britains glorious sons revive again !
Prior like Horace strikes the trembling strings,
And in harmonious Pope again sweet Maro sings.

Again she waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his son.
Chas'd from the senate and the court she flies ;
Cunning and party-zeal her place supplies :
Yet still, since fix'd in Wimpole's happy plain,
(Her last retreat) she knows not to complain ;
There, in great Oxford's converse, does engage
Th' instructive ear, and shames a vicious age :

Or in his consort's accents stands confest,
 And charms with graceful ease each list'ning guest:
 Or, with her lov'd companions gladly ty'd,
 Unstudied charms, and beauty void of pride,
 Transported dwells in the celestial place,
 And ever smiles in Margareta's face.



Shakespeare in the Shades.

AS Shakespeare rang'd over the regions below,
 With the muses attending his side,
 The first of his critics he met with was Rowe,
 Tho' to keep out of sight he had try'd.

“How comes it, friend Nicholas,” said the old bard,
 (While Nic was preparing a speech)

“My ruins so coarsely by you were repair'd,
 “Who grace to the graces could teach?”

“Had the time you employ'd when the Biter * you wrote,
 So his'd by the critical throng,
 Been spent upon mending the holes in my coat,
 It had not been ragged so long.”

* The Biter, an attempt at Comedy by Rowe, which was received with that contempt which it well deserved.

Rowe blush'd, and made way for diminutive Pope,
 Whom Shakespeare address'd with a frown,
 And said---"Some apology fare I may hope
 From you and your friend in the gown."

"Had the murderous knife which my plays has destroyed,
 By lopping full many a scene,
 To make you a lover like him, been employ'd
 How flat Cibber's letter had been."

Pope sneak'd off confounded; and Hanmer drew near,
 Whose softness a savage might melt;
 So, Shakespeare said only, "Sir Thomas, I fear
 With gloves on, my beauties you felt."

Supported by Caxton, by Wynkin upheld,
 Text Tibbald crept forward to fight:
 "Is this, quoth the poet, the thing that rebell'd,
 And dar'd even Pope to the fight?"

"To Kennel, good Tib, for a time will arrive,
 When all in their senses shall know,
 That half of your consequence, Tib, you derive
 From the lash of so envied a foe,

"Eight

" Eight hundred old plays thou declar'st thou hast read ;*
 How could'st thou the public so cozen ?
 Yet the traces I see (spite of what thou hast said)
 Of not many more than a dozen.

" If all thou hast dug, how could Farmer, my Tib,
 Or Stevens find gold in the mine ?—
 Thy trade of Attorney sure taught thee to fib,
 And truth was no client of thine.

" And yet, to appease me for all thou hast done,
 And shew thou art truly my friend ;
 Go watch, and to me with intelligence run
 When Johnson and Capell descend.

" For Johnson, with all his mistakes, I must love,
 Ev'n love from the injur'd he gains ;—
 But Capell a comrade for dullness will prove,
 And him thou may'st take for thy pains."

* Theobald, in the preface to his first edition of Shakespeare, asserts that exclusive of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Johnson, he had read above eight hundred old English plays, to ascertain the uncommon and obsolete phrases in his author. The reader who can discover the fruits of this boasted industry in his notes, may safely believe him ; and those who cannot, may surely claim the liberty, like myself, to doubt somewhat of his veracity. This assertion, however, Theobald had sufficient modesty to omit in the preface to his second edition, together with all the criticisms on Greek authors, which I am assured he had collected from such papers of Mr. Wycherley, as had been entrusted to his care for very different purposes. It is much to be questioned whether there are five hundred old plays extant, by the most accurate perusal of which the works of Shakespeare could receive advantage ; I mean of dramas prior, contemporary, or within half a century before and after his own.

E P I G R A M

*On Lady Bridget T----'s refusing to repeat part of the
Matrimonial vow after the Clergyman.*

LADY BRIDGET, at church, on the conjugal day,
After cherish---and love,---mutter'd inwardly---bey !
For clipping this word, it came into her head,
She was bound to perform---only what she had said !
The parson, quite orthodox, vow'd he would hear
O-bey spoken out quite distinctly, and clear !
'Till T---che interposing, cry'd, " Pray let it go !
" For e'er the night pass, I will make her cry O !"

S N A P.

A Taylor's Epigram of Manchester Velvet.

YE old Yorkshire clothes, and ye gay Norwich stuffs,
No longer to Tory St. James's resort,
With the orange clad whigs---ye will meet but rebuffs,
For Manchester velvet's the dress of the Court.

N.

E P I-

E P I G R A M

*On seeing the pictures of Lady Townshend and her Sister,
painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

I Thought the * Graces were but three,
To wit Montgom'ry, Gard'ner, Townshend ;
But Reynolds, thy bright art, I see,
To those three beauties gives a thousand.

On a Lady's reproving the Author for his unusual distance when conversing with her.

SEEK not, Phillis, to discover,
In converse, why this distance---
For whilst by eyes I'm made your lover,
Your breath commands resistance.

T. VAUGHN.

* The Graces was an appellation that those ladies were universally toasted by in Dublin.

M

A



A NEW SONG.

*Supposed to have been sung by Goody N---h, by way of
Lullaby to the Foundling Brat, the Popish Quebec Bill.*

To the Tune of "O my Kitten, my Kitten."

O My baby, my baby,
And O my baby, my deary,
And was its papa a sham'd
To own his bantling here-e ?
My dear little Popish puppet,
So like its dad, Lord B---te-e !
O naughty papa, to drop it,
And the B——ps all to fit mute-e !
Then up with the Papists, up, up,
And down with the Protestants, down-e ;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And all for the good of the crown-e.
And we will have gossips in store,
And reverend B——ps to bless it ;
Lord Chatham shall tease it no more,
But let my majority dress it :

That

That thou shalt have plenty of clouts,
 The B---ps will tear up their sleeves-e ;
 Then be no more, child, in the pouts ;
 Hush, hushy, my baby—What grieves-e ?
 Then up with the Papists, &c.

Then down with the fam'd reformation,
 Each church, each chapel, and meeting ;
 While I'm overseer of the nation
 I'll cherish and foster my sweeting,
 Then heigh for the fine wooden shoes,
 And heigh for a cock-horse to ride-e ;
 And heige for processions and shews ;
 And heigh for a Smithfield fire-side-e.
 Then up with the Papists, &c.

Then heigh for the penance and pardons,
 And heigh for the faggots and fires ;
 And heigh for the Popish church-wardens,
 And heigh for the priests and the friars ;
 And heigh for the raree-shew relics
 To follow my Canada bill-e,
 With all the Pope's mountebank tricks :
 So prithee, my baby, lie still-e,
 Then up with the Papists, &c.

The BELLMAN.

FLAMINIUS' *Hymn to APOLLO translated.*

O Thou whose gentle voice, and magic lyre
 Sound through the depth of Cynthus' piny grove,
 To gain the nymphs who glide in sportive choir,
 And trill ecstatic on the ear of Jove,
 An ardent votary from my earliest years
 Thy laureat ensigns, Phœbus, still I bear,
 Thy inspiration every joy endears,
 Propitious smile; and listen to my prayer,
 The piety of fam'd Farnesia's heir,
 Gives to my wishes the secluded fields;
 I soar beyond the reach of cold despair,
 A life of polish'd ease my patron yields.
 Thy poet, tho' malignant envy blame,
 Shall hymn his virtues in immortal song;
 Devouring time reveres that princely name,
 These warbled strains its triumphs shall prolong.
 Thus in yon shelter'd bower the myrtle thrives,
 By Naiads water'd are its blest retreats,
 Amid the blast of winter it survives,
 Nor fades beneath the parching summer heats.

L. L.

To

*On the imprisonment of the two Woodfalls and Williams;
at the instigation of C---- F----*

CHARLES's vigilance makes full amends for poor
Stephen,

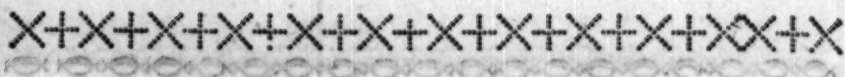
He's a fly, wary, crafty young F-x;
With printers and devils he surely is even,
He has three of them now in the stocks.

N.

On the death of the somnifick Lord Holland.

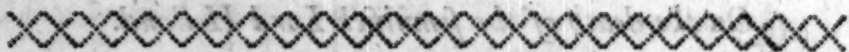
POCKET your handkerchiefs, nor sob or weep,
Stephen but takes a little longer sleep!
Death is at last each mortal's sad mishap,
'Tho' 'tis not death to Stephen, but a nap,
Sleep on in peace, and save your feeble eyes.
When the last trump you hear, 'tis time enough to rise.

N.



To Mrs. Cr---t---ell, at Bath.

ON Cr---t---ell's cheek the lovely rose,
 As sweet as that of morning, blows.
 How happy he who freely sips
 Th' Hyblæan honey of her lips,
 Whilst on her breast reclin'd he lies,
 And Cupids wanton in her eyes!
 Who would not envy so much bliss?
 Is there a wish compared to this?
 Let pomp enjoy her ermin'd state,
 And let who will be rich or great,
 Possessing her, and her alone.
 Is worth the splendor of a throne.



*On seeing a faded Rose in a Nosegay, worn by Mrs. B.
 at Ranelogh.*

IN vain, Maria, do you strive
 To keep the fading rose alive,
 With nature for your foe.
 To Phœbus' rays the fragrant flow'r
 Alone can owe its vivid hour,
 And not to hills of snow.

Surry

T. VAUGHN.

STAN-

S T A N Z A S on M A Y.

SWEETEST daughter of the year,

See the rosy May appear!

On their pinions Zephyrs bring

All the balmy joys of spring:

Earth with liberal bounty pours

Rich variety of flow'rs.

In the gay, enamell'd mead

See the daisy lift its head;

Circled with luxuriant gold,

Cowslips burnish'd pride-behold.

Hark, from every tuneful spray

Vernal music wakes the day!

Hark! the dove in melting strains,

Languishingly soft, complains;

Fondly courts his billing mate

To the joys of nuptial state.

Echo hears the amorous tale,

Echo tells the neighb'ring vale;

Neighb'ring vale the nearest hill,

Nearest hill the neighb'ring rill;

Thus the love-sick story runs,

Mazy round! through nature's sons.

Now

Now the lover wakes the lay,
 Rise, my fair, and come away,
 Tepid gales, and warmer beams,
 Painted fields, and purling streams :
 Fragrant groves with grateful shade
 By the social branches made :
 Such enchanting scenes, my fair,
 Ask thy lovely presence there.

Come, resistless nymph, then come—
 Leave to care the gilded dome :
 Pomp, and all its train despise,
 Rude impertinence and noise ;
 Envy, slander, malice, strife,
 Curfes of a public life !
 These for rural pleasures quit,
 Smiles, sincerity and wit.*

A C A S E. *Consulto opus est.*

MY client Tom (God grant he ever find
 His lawyer honest---and his mistress kind)
 Is, worthy sirs, and so I'm bound to say,
 A youth that's truly gen'rous, kind and gay :
 Of manly port,---which never fails to please,
 Of winning manners---shewn wsth graceful ease ;

* By the late Mr. McMillan,



A poetical Billet, from CAPTAIN ROACH to

MRS. RUDD.

WHILE Nobles burn thy tedious chains to break,
And doat on fraud, for Carolina's sake—

While turnkeys itch their coarser flames to quench,

And Revernd M—f—d fidgets on the bench—

While W---k--s in thee first owns a power divine,

And knows his deeds must ever yield to thine,

Though city spoils his Gallic fame should raise,

And other bonds of other Sylvas blaze—

Oh could these lines, a lover's tale to tell,

Ascend the walls of Newgate's topmost cell,

From close-barr'd windows chase the hovering gloom,

And cloath with Indian forms th' unpaper'd room,

And all thou would'st, thy instant wish should meet,

And these drear Mansions rival Harley-street.

Yet dread not thou a vulgar swain's approach;

The man who courts thy hand, is Captain R---

Both fought renown, yet different paths pursu'd,

Fraud mark'd thy course, while mine was drench'd with
blood;

Small difference yet our wayward fates afford,

The crow-quill pen was dang'rous as the sword;

And,

And, join'd at last, may fix each rival name
On Tyburn's loftiest Amaranth of fame.*

Come thou, whose arts our doting sex adore,
Consort of R—dd, and choice of S—v—d—re!
Or greater offspring of the Stuart line!
(For sure in thee their brightest virtues shine)
Be thou henceforth thy fellow captive's wife,
And share with him the joys of doubtful life!
The sweetest cordial time permits, supply,
And triumph once o'er fortune ere you die!—

'Tis done; methinks new Transports fire my breast: ----
Ye cooks of Newgate dress the bridal feast! ---
Friends give me joy; together let's be gay;
When others hang, shall be our wedding day.
And when with felons the full cart is crown'd,
And the bell tolls its elevating sound,
When ropes and fetters strew the press-room floor,
And parting drams confederate gin-shops pour,
Thou, Caroline, those glorious shades invite
By day who cheated, or who stabb'd by night;

* Loftiest Amaranth of Fame. This beautiful specimen of Grecian imagery, Mr. Mafon was advised by Gray to leave out of Carastacus, as being inconsistent with Druidical mythology.

Call Chartres, Leukup, Cranftoun, Hayes the Fair; †
 And H——ne, our fole-invited prieft, be there;
 He with black tongue fhall blefs the bride, and fpread
 His gown and caffock on our nuptial bed. †



TO CLARA.

AS when, in ancient tales fome nymph compell'd
 To ftand the fortunes of the lifted field,
 Beholds th' accufer sheath'd in arms advance,
 Wield the rough mace, or touch the gleaming lance,
 While all around ſhe rolls her languid eye,
 And fees no chief, no brave defender nigh;
 Her thoughts, at length, a mournful train, repair
 To ſeek the refuge of a ſilent pray'r:

But if, fierce bounding thro' the diſtant ſhade,
 Some warrior haſtes to injur'd virtue's aid,
 Uncall'd, unbrib'd, his ſword ſucceſſful draws,
 And aſks no glory but a woman's cauſe---

† Hayes the fair. Not the celebrated Charlotte, but Mrs. Catherine Hayes, a lady who had the miſfortune to murder her huſband and live in inceſt with her ſon. This note is added to prevent all poſſibility of miſtaking the one character for the other.

† Should the Captain eſcape from his preſent charge, he may be try'd on a ſecond indictment in the court of Parnaſſus, for having robbed Dr. Young's Revenge of almoſt all the concluding lines of its fourth act.

What tho' (his name, his lineage unexpos'd,
 His shield unsculptur'd, and his helmet clos'd)
 The virgin freed, the proud oppressor slain,
 His courser bears him to the shades again?
 Yet still her smiles a grateful transport own,
 And hail the triumphs of a hand unknow

Thus Clara views the hostile bosom gor'd,
 Thus feels her mind its ancient peace restor'd;
 Her champion thus, for instant flight prepar'd,
 In conscious honour finds his best reward.
 --- Yet, should her foes once more their ambush spread,
 And point their arrows at her blameless head,
 Again in arms, to succour fame or love,
 He bursts refulgent from the conscious grove;
 With light'ning speed to crush detraction flies,
 And crush'd detraction totters, sinks, and dies.

Strate, farewell! be hence thy prudence shown,
 Nor tempt an arm far mightier than thy own!
 From woman's rage some daring mischief fear,
 And cease to smile when beauty drops a tear!

Tattle good night, of letter'd foes the least,
 Thou plump-fed Sancho to a Quixote priest!
 The muse who leaves not meanest follies free,
 Must blush to think she e'er could stoop to thee!

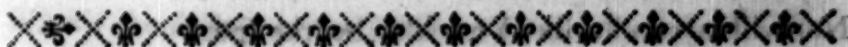
Clara! ---adieu my soul's far dearer part,
 First in my thoughts, and ever near my heart!

Soon

Soon may the Paphian wreath entwine thy head!
 Health scatter roses round thy nuptial bed!
 May each attempt to blast thy peace be vain,
 And angels guard thee till we meet again!

Oxford, Aug. 24.

L.



*Epitaph designed for a Gentleman in Gloucestershire,
 who intends his Burial Place shall be on the top of a
 high hill, at a distance from the Church.*

I Lie not here, that on the awful day,
 When the loud trumpet bids my bones arise,
 And cloath'd a-new with their long-perish'd clay,
 May sooner penetrate the op'ning skies.

For then, of none effect were godly worth,
 And gospel promises in vain were given;
 But the proud tyrant of exalted birth,
 Would arrogantly claim the bliss of heaven.

The low-laid peasant, and the sea-sunk brave,
 Would be retarded in their airy flight,
 Whilst the tall gibbet triumph'd o'er the grave,
 And * Dashwood's shade enjoy'd the realms of light.

* Lord Le Despenser removed the Church of West Wickcombe, to the top of a high hill, at a little distance from the town.

But

176 THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

But that my soul from mortal boundaries free,
 May o'er these dreary cotswolds nightly stray;
 And with instructive hand, (so heaven decree)
 Point out the weary traveller's dubious way.
 Nought but the tripping elves shall here resort,
 No vicar's horse shall e'er this sod invade;
 Nor will my skull, like Yorick's, be the sport
 Of the unfeeling sexton's busy spade.

July 31.

CROTCHET.



Intelligence of a remarkable ECHO which has been found out near the late lodge at Richmond: the manner of its discovery was whimsical enough. A great personage, in one of his morning walks, happened to *sneeze* just as he came by this spot, the echo reverberated the word *ease*. The a-propos of this answer caused him to have further experiments made, and Lord D-----gh being one of the lords in waiting at that time, (who is remarkable for having the strongest pair of lungs of any in the Court Calendar) was the person appointed for that purpose. The following are therefore the questions and replications.

Q. What do you think I am, and what my post is?

Echo. *Postifs.*

What's the best way of coming by a place?

Echo. *Buy a Place.*

Which

Which is the road to modern glory?

Echo. *Go awry,*

What's become of public conscience?

Echo. *Gone since.*

What's the religion at St. James's?

Echo. *James's*

What's the *business* of the first lord of the Treasury?

Echo. *Treasure high.*

What's the *jus divinum* of a Crown?

Echo. *A Crown.*

What are those patriots that can so turn and wind?

Echo. *Wind,*

What's the great secret of law?

Echo. *A flaw.*

What's the morality of a theatre?

Echo. *At her.*

What's the chat of the day?

Echo. *Day.*

Hark! how the Laureat *charms* us with his lyre!

Echo. *Liar.*

Who *was* the fattest man in St. Stephen's?

Echo. *Stephen.*

Episcopari noli.

Echo. *O! lie.*

God blefs the K—g!

Echo. *Th'ing.*



The Rev. Mr. F. to Mr. J. C.

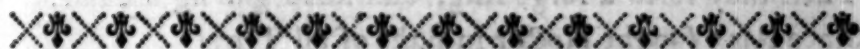
YOU was so obliging to send us a pig,
 Like Miss Betty Pringle's, 'twas not very big;
 Some think it the sweeter and better for that;
 But then, to be sure, it was not very fat.
 When I call it not fat, I certainly mean
 That your pretty piggy was rather too lean;
 But then, as I now shall improve in my metre,
 The nearer the bone, the flesh was the sweeter,
 From what's above said, I will prove very clear,
 The flesh was all *sweet*, for I'm sure it was, *near*.
 However, perhaps you intended to York us;
 It was not *epicuri de grege porcus*:
 But coming so far as from Bengal or China,
 The pretty poor piggy was hurt in the spina,
 As it had just left school, I hop'd it would squeak
 A distich or two in most elegant Greek;
 So I look'd in his mouth, and I thought to find that in,
 But lo! in the room were some verses of Latin!
 In which, you arch rogue, with your usual slinefs,
 You stile my dear Nanny Her most Serene Highness,
 When you know very well, though her looks are so placid,
 She's cloudy sometimes, and with sweet mingles acid.

Now

Now what shall I send in return for your present?
 Some partridge, or woodcocks, a hare, or a pheasant?
 If I durst my adventurous fancy let loose,
 I would certainly send you a fat Kentish goose;
 But you'd pluck the best quills, and then very soon
 I should find myself cut in some biting lampoon.

Nov. 2, 1771.

My rib joins in com. to your excellent wife,
 Whom we hope you will love all the days of your life.



The noble GAME of CRICKET.

ASSIST all ye Muses, and join to rehearse,
 An old English sport never prais'd yet in verse.
 'Tis Cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,
 No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

Derry Down, &c.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old,
 Some were swift in their race, some in battle were bold,
 The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd,
 Hark they shout and Olympia returns the glad sound.

What boasting of Castor, and Pollux his brother,
 The one fam'd for riding, for bruising the other
 But compar'd with our heroes they shine not at all,
 What are Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small?

Here's guarding and catching, and throwing and tossing,
And bowling and striking, and running and crossing;
Each mate must excell in some principal part,
The Pentathlon of Greece could not show so much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
Fam'd Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a fight;
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,
And views him half stript, both with pleasure and pain.

The wickets are pitch'd now, and measur'd the ground,
Then they form a large ring, and stand gazing around:
Since Ajax fought Hector in fight of all Troy,
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,
On you the whole fate of the game must depend:
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,
But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.

Ye strikers observe when the foe shall draw nigh,
Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye;
Your skill all depends upon distance and sight,
Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.

Ye fields-men look sharp, lest your pains ye beguile,
Move close like an army, in rank and in file:
When the ball is return'd, back it sure, for I trow,
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

The sport is now o'er, lo victory rings,
Echo doubles the chorus, and fame spreads her wings;

Let

Let us now hail our champions, all steady and true,
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Buck, Curry, and Hogsflesh, and Barber, and Brett,
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equal'd yet,
I had almost forgot, (they deserve a large bumper)
Little George the long Stop, and Tom Suter the Stumper,

Then why should we fear either Sackville or Mann ?
Or repine at the loss both of Bayton and Lan ?
With such troops as these, we'll be lords of the game,
Spite of Minchin, and Miller, and Lumpy, and Frame.

Then fill up your glass, he's the best who drinks most,
Here's the Hambleton Club---who refuses the toast?
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.

And when the game's o'er, and our fate shall draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket like others must die ;)
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vex,
And give up our wickets to those that come next.

Derry Down, &c.

On seeing Mr. GARRICK in *Don John*, and his age in
the public Papers.

NATURE her sons of genius rare,
Those matchless men we style divine,
Sometimes protects with partial care,
And long they live, and long they shine.

Last night-confirmed I saw this truth,
When England's Roscius played *Don John*,
With all th' activity of youth,
With all the fire of twenty-one.

Yet time with rigour turns his glass,
And men, and empires are no more;
Garrick by him is doom'd to pass
The bourn his Shakespeare passed before.

Then let the generous youth, too warm
To read the sermon's gloomy page,
Whom Shakespeare's nobler ethics charm,
And all the magic of the stage.

Yet

Yet knows not our first actor's powers---

Let him lay hold on fleeting time ;
A transient privilege is ours ;
We yet see Garrick in his prime.

Capricious man ! we oft neglect

The good we can with ease acquire ;
Too late our folly recollect,
And sigh, and pine with vain desire.

Fancy our judgment still misleads---

The hero must resign his breath
Before we justly prize his deeds ;
His fame is ratified by death.

The poet's bays are in full bloom,

When he no more enjoys the light ;
Nought, like the verdict of his tomb,
Proves how divinely he could write.

I, too, adopt, like other men,

All this extravagance of thought :
What would I give to touch a pen,
With which my favourite Dryden wrote !

How strongly such attractions draw !

Tully thro' brambles urged his way,
To visit, with religious awe,
The grave where Archimedes lay.

Thus,

Thus, in that venerable fane,
Where monarchs, heroes, bards repose,
When the strong monumental strain
Thy talents, Garrick, faintly shows:

Should one who has thy friendship, live,
With streaming eye the verse to see,
To him thy shade a wreath would give,
Thy glory would reflect on me.

And envy's lies I'd then defeat;
The poet's monument I'd raise;
I'd sing thy virtues, and complete
The epitaph's deficient praise;

Thy zeal for every liberal art,
To misery's tale thy listening ear---
I'd paint thee, through life's arduous part,
As great in GARRICK as in LEAR.

May 21. 1775

By the Rev. P. Stockdale.

Elegy

Elegy on the death of Lord LYTTLETON. A. D. 1773.

O Yet a moment to the penfive tale,
Of real grief, attend the muse's lyre,
As wayward musing near yon' lonesome vale,
A youth attempts to catch poetic fire!
Not the loud trump of verse in pompous strain,
Does he invite to sound in flattery's ear,
But longs with Merit's sons to join the train,
Fearful, yet not averse that they should hear.
Such was the man---each son of science tell,
(The guardian of our liberty and laws)
For ye attentive mark'd his steps full well,
And knew him earnest in Britannia's cause.

Can we forget, my friend, the historick page*
What useful lessons to mankind he read?
View'd life attentive thro' its every stage,
† And read those lectures from the silent dead.

* History of Henry the Second.

† Dialogues of the Dead.

How sweetly plaintive near yon' sacred groves,
 Where Loves, and Graces, and the Muses dwell,
 He sooth'd the gentle hours, and sung the loves,
 * Of hapless Lucy in his hallow'd cell !

For sure fair Hymen's torch was light by him
 At Virtue's altar with a sacred blaze ;
 Not like our modern rakes devote to whim,
 Or dire ambition's false alluring rays.

Some holy seraph touch'd his lips with fire,
 † When Paul's conversion was the sacred theme ;
 From heav'n the light did oft his page inspire,
 O blessed Jesu ! to adore thy name.

How oft with Pope the sons of science sought
 Their kindred genius in his sacred bower,
 Where Lyttelton, reclin'd in stretch of thought,
 Ey'd nature's works upheld by heavenly power !

To raise poor merit from his lowly cell,
 And cheer his heart from penury set free ;
 Oh ! canst thou blame, O Woodhouse, if I tell,
 That Lyttelton, kind friend, did this for thee ?
 The boon I ask not from a feeling breast,
 Like thine, so warm'd when gratitude inspires ;
 A great good man saw me, like thee oppress'd,
 And warm'd the muse with more than wonted fires.

* Monody on the death of his Lady.

† Observations on the Apostleship of St. Paul.

Of this no more.---When delicacy hints
The force of friendship in the mournful tale,
How apt is youth to spoil the truest tints,
And youthful ardours o'er the sense prevail!

Mankind the theme: how various is our lot!
What sharp afflictions wait upon our life!
How often by our dearest friends forgot,
Our bosom friends, the father, son, or wife!
Smit with the thought, I feel the deepest woe;
By all the tears of friendship may I tell:---
On virtue's cheek I find the warmest glow,
To think it came from one he lov'd so well.
Oh! oft as musing near these sacred bowers,
Recall, vain wanderer! thy ambitious plan;
Nor idly chafe away the precious hours:
O L-----n, be virtuous, be a man.

How melancholy silent are these groves!
And from the plain each Hamadryad's fled!
The swain in thoughtful mood now devious roves,
With folded arms laments his master dead.
* Or, to yon moss-clad cott, directs his way,
To give to pensive musing greater scope;
Reflects the globe itself shall melt away,
And to his soul recalls this holy hope;

* Hermit's Cell.

That when the trump is echo'd thro' the sky,
 And to these bones, new life my God shall give;
 That blisful news he hopes to hear from high,
 "Thy soul secur'd, O Lyttelton, shall live."

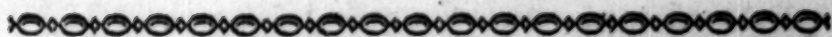
'Twas the great strength of thy capacious mind,
 O Lyttelton, thy Saviour to admire,
 And thoughts so great, exalted, and refin'd,
 Thou taught'st symphonious to the muse's lyre.
 O, as reclining from yon lucid sphere,
 Receive these mournful accents o'er thy hearse;
 Deign to accept the tribute of a tear,
 'Tis the small tribute of a grateful verse.

E P I T A P H.

By worth invited fix thy wand'ring eye,
 With sacred awe, deign trav'ller here to tread,
 Nor pass by genius' grave unheedfully,
 But oh, reflect that Lyttelton is dead.

PHILANDER.

M-



I M P R O M P T U

On the Marriage of Mr. Long to Miss Broad.

By T. VAUGHAN.

WELL, what shall we say to this marriage so odd?
 For many old Hymen has pickled a rod:
 But he smiles on this wedding, which cannot be wrong,
 When 'tis Long as 'tis Broad, and Broad as 'tis Long.



*On Mr. WILKES and Lord T-- being sworn in together
 in the Commons House.*

W HEN Wilkes and Lord T--- first met in the House,
 Jack look'd like a bull, and my Lord like a mouse:
 And tho' 'fore the Speaker they both came to swear,
 His Lordship could hardly get on for his fear;
 For so well he remembered the time and the place,
 That Bagshot and Pistol he saw in his face.

N.

Verses

Verses written by a Lady under a Picture in the Temple of Dido, at Stowe, in a storm, to which she and some other Ladies were exposed, by being very politely shewn out of the house during the rain.

ONCE more, dear Dido, you afford retreat,
 And give to Wanderers a welcome seat.
 Expell'd from Cobham's gilded roofs we come,
 'Midst storms of rain, and now deplore our home.
 The sky's o'ercast, and all its gloom around,
 With thee alone is refuge to be found,
 Though temples croud th' inhospitable ground.
 But modern temples differ from the old,
 For here protection must be bought and sold.
 Ah, how unlike that hospitable grove,
 Where fam'd Æneas first did meet thy love?
 The fiery element did him pursue,
 The wat'ry element sent us to you;
 Just emblem of our fate,, for we are told,
 That warm was his reception---ours is cold.
 But say, in this same dank and dreary cell,
 Can the warm passions of a Dido dwell?
 Ah no! that lifeless picture plain doth show,
 That love and Dido long have fled from Stowe.

To Miss M. of EDINBURGH.

GO, leaf, and tell Murilla fair
Her Strephon pines---he dies!--
In sighs disclose his latent care,
Weep, and affect her eyes.

When first I saw her beauty's ray,
Ah, me! that peerless shone!
Gazing! she smil'd my soul away,
And made it all her own.

I look'd, I lov'd. Ah! heedless swain,
To love a nymph so fair;
The moment I confess'd her chain,
I sickn'd with despair.

Ah! tell her too, now Strephon lies,
Beside a purling stream;
The breeze increases with his sighs,
His tears---the stream with them.

Tell her what pity's self would say,
Had she the maid to move;
Tell her my pain the softest way,
And melt her soul to love.

Oh

Oh! happy leaf, oh! gentle maid,
I see the torrent start!
Upon her cheek the roses fade,
And pity thaws her heart.

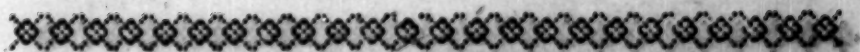
Propitious thought! glad joys sweet spring,
Transporting turn of mind!---
Murilla's kind---the vallies ring;
Each hill---Murilla's kind.

Sad, fad mistake!--why? fister's why?
My thread delay to break?
Resentment dew Murilla's eye,
And preys upon her cheek.

'Tis done—I faint—ah! yet be blest,
Supremely as she's fair!
The maid who fires my ravish'd breast—
Yet kills me with despair.

H. B.

The



To Miss LOUISA BELVILLE.

TRACE not for splendor yonder starry skies;
 Brighter the glories of Louisa's eyes,
 Her looks add lustre to meridian day,
 Her beauty foils the golden pride of May.
 Fragrant as blooming spring, and strong as light,
 She pours full transport on the ravish'd sight,
 More raptures found within her circling arms,
 Than beauty's queen could give with all her charms.

If, before Troy, with beauty's queen engag'd,
 In burnish'd steel, while the gor'd battle rag'd,
 The goddess had exerted half such charms,
 The wond'ring Greek had dropp'd his polished arms,
 The breast divine had then escap'd from wound,
 And he his fate instead of conquest found,

O

To



Verses from a Lady, dying of a consumption at Bath,
to her husband in London.*

THOU who dost all my worldly thought employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my worldly joy;
Thou tenderest husband, and thou truest friend!
To thee this fond, this last adieu I send.
Since that all-conqu'ring death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight,
He wooes me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his awful face.
At length the joys of heav'n he sets in view,
And shews that no terrestrial joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his pow'r;
And yet awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings the mournful image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend!
Say, shouldst thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past;
And should'st thou mourn that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy ever faithful wife.

* Daughter to Dr. Welwood, and wife to Capt. Molesworth.

A N E W

A NEW BALLAD.

OH, Bath, it is a fine town, it has a great Recorder,
Who jigs about from room to room to keep us all in
order;

Decrees he formerly sent forth to lay men by the heels,
Alas! that power now is lost, for he has lost the seals.

Oh, Bath, it is a fine town, it is a gallant city;

Proprietors will not give way to such a mix'd com-
mittee,

Shall limping Lords and Bully Tom direct the upper
town?

Shall they set up a king of straw, and shan't we pull him
down?

Great Captain Wade, in all your life you ne'er did such a
folly,

To quarrel with your neighbours round, with whom you
might be jolly.

* N. B. Lord C---d---n's party say his Lordship will get an Act of
Parliament to oblige the proprietors of the new rooms to enter into part-
nership with the keeper of the old ones, but this is not to take place till
after next election, when his son is to be member for Bath, to gain which
point, a truly respectable character is descending very low indeed.

For Bath it is a fine place, and fill'd with beggars
stout ;

No passage birds can keep you in, if they will have
you out.

Now call together all your troop, those men of high re-
nown,

Who make themselves of consequence, by wandering up
and down.

Beau Tr-v-l see, just one remove from counter and from
measure,

Surveys the ladies one by one, and courts them at his
leisure,

Oh, Bath, it is a fine place, it is a gallant city,

Where every fool who struts and prates, may be ac-
counted witty.

G-mb-r steps forth, that man of war, and ladies admi-
ration,

Consolidate, he cries aloud, 'tis to support the nation.

I like the thought, says B-nb-ry, in all things let us join,
Not e'en refuse our wives to lend, I'll freely part with
mine.

Oh, Bath, it is a fine place, and it was wond'rous
quiet,

'Till general warrants issued forth, and C-md-n made
a riot.

The



The enclosed lines were transcribed from the original, in the hand-writing of Mr. Pope. They were added after the present conclusion of his address to Miss M. B. on her leaving town. "As some fond virgin, &c."

IN this strange town a different course we take,
 Refine ourselves to spirit, for your sake.
 For want of you, we spend our random wit on
 The first we find with Needham, Brooks, or Briton.
 Hackney'd in sin, we beat about the town,
 And like sure spaniels, at first scent lie down.
 Were virtue's self in silks,—faith keep away!
 Or virtue's virtue scarce would last a day.

Thus, Madam, most men talk, and some men do:
 The rest is told you in a line or two.
 Some strangely wonder you're not fond to marry—
 A double jest still pleases sweet Sir Harry—
 Small-pox is rife, and *Gay* in dreadful fear—
 The good priests whisper—Where's the Chevalier?
 Much in your absence B—'s heart endures,
 And if poor *Pope* is cl^opt, the fault is yours.



To ——— F———d, Esq.

Veluti in Speculum.

TWO sturdy mastiffs (and the tale's well known)

Met lately in contention for a bone.

A woman is a bone, (or Moses ribs,

And matrons should not claim the name of ribs.)

The combatants grin horribly, and gnar,

Each, fierce and valiant, threatens desp'rate war.

Perchance a cur, (the pertest of the kind

That guards the village cot, or leads the blind,

So slim, so sleek, his coat without a speck,

The fancied collar round his snowy neck,

With locket pendant, tho' you call him, Sir,

A cur he is, a macaroni cur)—

Beholds the bone, the tempting prize, and stops;

His eyes how ravish'd! how he licks his chops!

The sable mastiff next attracts his eyes,

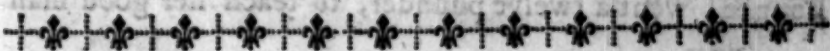
Pert views the happy dog to gain the prize,

An easy prize from t'other mastiff won,

Not so, cries he, from fortune's happier son.

Then

Then rais'd a hideous yelp, that fill'd the place,
 When lo! a hundred of the yelping race
 Obey the well-known call, now bolder grown,
 The cur deems vict'ry and the prize his own,
 Prepares for battle, and assails the foe,
 But wisely in the rear, above, below;
 'Till by the noise offended, not the pain,
 The mastiff turns, and views him with disdain,
 Then rais'd his leg, and most profusely shed
 A briny shower of vengeance on his head.
 His comrades, (for where dogs have been before,
 The proverb teaches, dogs will still give more)
 Each with uplifted leg, increas'd the flood,
 'Till Pert, half-drown'd, half-suffocated stood,
 And with a dismal howl, the puppy cried,
 Ah me! and then bep—d himself and died.



The SEA-VOYAGE. A S O N G.

To the Tune of A Cobler there was, &c.

PRAY which of the Nine shall I humbly invoke?
 To aid a sad story convey'd in a joke?
 Thalia's a lass, who such humour supplies,
 She'll make you to laugh with the tears in your eyes:
 Derry down, &c.

To make the tale short, lest you think it prolix,
 On July the seventeenth, fifty and six,
 Mac-Culloch set sail in the packet of Chester,
 Good luck! had you seen her, your heart would have
 blest'd her.

But oh! what a medley was there besides sailors,
 Of actors, and singers, and poets and taylor's,
 Two hundred spalpeens, who to Venus were martyrs;
 With the itch in their fingers and lice in their quarters.

The packet in haste to Beaumauris was veering,
 When lo! a large ship to our vessel was steering;
 But soon as to view a white head did appear,
 Odzooks, they all cry'd, 'tis a French privateer.

This terrible ship with her streamers all waving,
 Stopt half a league distant, the poor packet braving,
 Which steering away to avoid such trappanners,
 Bounce! went a twelve pounder, to teach her good man-
 ners.

Ventidious, who oft on the Smock-alley stage,
 Had ranted and blustered through many a page,
 The hero forgetting, to save his long neck,
 Threw up both his heels, and fell flat on the deck.

The crew with a panic were struck one and all,
 When this rising hero receiv'd such a fall;
 They counsell'd the captain without more ado,
 To down with his top-sail and bring the ship to.

Grave

Grave Cimberton, trusty cashier to the play-house,
Said, zounds ! 'tis a shame that the French should dis-
may us ;

But when the report of the gun struck his ear,
He outwardly smil'd to conceal inward fear.

The Dublin Vandyke softly crept to the steerage,
His paleness discover'd his ill-painted courage ;
He hated the French and their naval pursuits,
And piss'd till it ran to the soles of his boots.

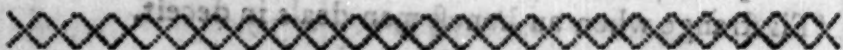
'Tis strange when an honest man deals in deceit,
His money lay under the soles of his feet,
'Twas as safe to lie there as if hid in a hole,
For he knew that his toes could not finger the cole.

If they board us, says Polly, I'll sing them a song,
Says Lucy, Pray hold your ridiculous tongue ;
Our voyage is westward, you'll soon wish it south ;
For they'll quick make you sing the wrong side of your
mouth.

But the ship which had thrown us all into such terror,
Stood aloof now as if she had found out her error,
Such a cargo she scorn'd to carry to France, firs,
As actors, and taylor, and fiddlers, and dancers.

Crochetto was there, who by musical querk
Sets fingers, and pipers, and fiddlers to work :
'The wind from north-east gave a terrible squall,
Which scar'd all the passengers, captain and all.

One side of the ship the salt-water was drinking,
 The people cry'd out, the ship is now sinking;
 But Crochetto perceiving her make such a trip,
 Push'd hard t'other side, for to ballance the ship.
 Ye mortals, who carelessly sit at your ease,
 While others are tofs'd on the perilous seas,
 You are better at home in a great elbow chair,
 Than rowling about between hope and despair.
 Derry down, &c.



A NEW SONG.

To the plaintive tune of Hosier's Ghost.

I.

AS near-beauteous Boston lying,
 On the gently swelling flood,
 Without jack or pendant flying
 Three ill-fated tea ships rode.

II.

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
 On the wharf a numerous crew,
 Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
 Suddenly appeared in view.

III.

Arm'd with hammer, ax, and chissels,
 Weapons new for warlike deed,
 Towards the herbage freighted vessels
 They approach'd with dreadful speed.

O'er

IV.

O'er their heads aloft in mid sky,
 Three bright angel forms were seen;
 This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
 With fair Liberty between.

V.

" Soon (they cry'd) your foes you'll banish,
 " Soon the triumph shall be won :
 " Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
 " Ere the deathless deed be done."

VI.

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
 Hatches burst and chests display'd ;
 Axes, hammers, help afforded ;
 What a glorious craft they made!

VII.

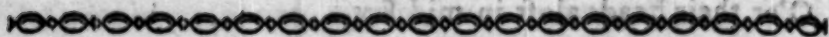
Squash into the deep descended
 Curfed weed of China's coast—
 Thus at once our fears were ended :
 British rights shall ne'er be lost.

VIII.

Captains ! once more hoist your streamers,
 Spread your sails and plow the wave !
 Tell your masters they were dreamers,
 When they thought to cheat the brave.

BRITANNO AMERICANUS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1. 1774.



To the Hon. CHARLES HAZARD, Esq. one of the faithful
Lords of the Treasury,

An extempore Sketch.

IF to a Statesman you aspire,
Or have an eye to something high'r,
Be this your Plan; nor think I jest;
Experience shows—*probatum est*.

Learn of thy Father, Charles, to score;
Of pious S——h learn to wh——;
To drink, sing Catches, or impeach,
* Or call our Saviour's Mother——;
Next learn to kill without Offence,
And with all Justice to dispense;
From W—ym—th, or from M—sf—d these,
Or any other Wretch you please.
Next to assume the Church's Weal,
And, in Religion, Vices heal,
† Espouse my Lord A——p's Zeal.

* Vid. Notes on the Essay on Woman.

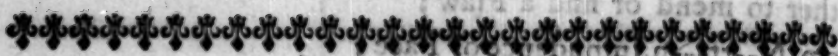
† Particularly shown on a late matrimonial Enquiry.

From

From W—dd---ne, the Quirks of Law,
 Either to mend or find a Flaw;
 From N--rt---n Impudence of Face;
 From Edmund, Eloquence and Grace;
 From Cl---ve that subtlety of Wit,
 To make each Culprit-Indian--white;
 For Rectitude in Word and Deed,
 From N---th, or C---leb---ke you'll succeed;
 From T---bl---t, you may take the Hint,
 Of saving, but there's nothing in't;
 It pleases well enough the K---g,
 And that you know's the very Thing;
 For what has Premier else to care,
 Than please his Master to a Hair?
 These Hints obsery'd, you'll find agree
 To make a Statesman to a T;
 And ways may then be easy found,
 For Twenty Shillings in the Pound;
 For Ministers have e'er been known
 (From earliest Times to these our own)
 To share th' Exchequer with the Crown.

.V. w. x. y. z.

The



The M O N K and J E W.

A TALE.

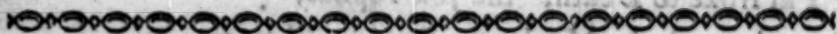
TO make new Converts truly blest,
A Recipe---*Probatum est.*

Stern Winter, clad in Frost and Snow,
Had now forbid the Streams to flow;
And skaiting Peasants swiftly glide,
Like Swallows, o'er the slippery Tide;
When Mordecai (upon whose Face
The Synagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune, with Smiles deceitful, bore
To a curst Hole, but late skim'd o'er;
Down plumps the Jew, but in a Trice
Rising, he caught the friendly Ice.
He gasp'd; he yell'd a hideous Cry;
No friendly Hand, alas! was nigh,
Save a poor Monk who quickly ran,
To snatch from Death the drowning Man.
But when the Holy Father saw
A Limb of the Mosaic Law,

His

His Hand out-stretch'd he quick withdrew.
 "For Heaven's sake help," exclaims the Jew.
 Turn Christian first, the Father cries.
 "I'm froze to Death," the Jew replies,
 Froze! quoth the Monk, too soon you'll know
 There's Fire enough for Jews below:
 Renounce your unbelieving Crew,
 And Help is near,---"I do---I do."
 Damn all your Brethren, great and small,
 "With all my Heart,—Oh damn them all!
 "Now help me out."—There's something more;
 Salute this Cross, and Christ adore.
 "There, there,---I Christ adore."---'Tis well,
 Thus arm'd, Defiance bid to Hell.
 And yet another Thing remains
 To guard against eternal Pains:
 Do you our Papal Father hold
 Heaven's Vicar, and believe all told
 By Holy Church?—"I do, by G--d;
 "One Moment more I'm food for Cod.
 "Drag, drag, me out---I freeze,---I die!"
 Your peace my Friend, is made on high.
 Full Absolution here I give;
 St. Peter will your Soul receive.
 Wash'd clean from sin and duly shriven,
 New Converts always go to Heav'n.
 No Hour for Death so fit as this;
 Thus, thus, I launch you into Bliss.

So said, the Father in a Trice
His Convert thrust beneath the Ice.



To Mr. GARRICK.

On the Report of his leaving the Stage.

WHEN---rarely now to public Eyes confest---
The Son of Shakespeare beams on Garrick's Breast,
To circling Crowds he deals the electric Fire,
As Joy or Grief, as Love or Rage, inspire.
Such Storms of Mirth once easy Pritchard rais'd ;
Such watry Eyes on melting Cibber gaz'd ;---
But ah ! their Chaplets fade beneath the Tomb,---
On Garrick's Head may Wreaths more lasting bloom !

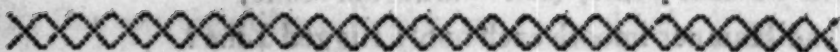
But say, shall Fame declare while Shakespeare dies,
His old Confed'rate, England's Roscius, flies ?
Sees Smith inter his Lovers' cold Remains,
And savage Macklin hang his King in Chains ?
Nature's plain Dress, far off lets Reddish fling,
And lead her forth a prim, patch'd, powder'd Thing ?

Shall equal wrong attend his publish'd Lays
Where Critic Ivy choaks Poetic Bays ?

His

His obvious Sense, shall Warburton refine,
 And Hamner smoothe each nobly rugged Line?
 His Language Tibbald, vamp with faithless Art,
 And Upton's Learning freeze his plastic heart?
 Shall final ruin Johnson, Stevens, bring,
 Who clog with Notes, of Lead, his active Wing;
 While press'd he sinks, and but survives to tell
 That Sexton Capel tolls his passing Bell.

Garrick! 'tis thine his suff'ring Worth to shield,
 Bestride the vanquish'd, and regain the Field;
 One meaning Glance of Eyes like thine, can show
 What lab'ring Critics boast in vain to know.
 Once more let Cawdor grasp his midnight Steel,
 And John his Wish half utter, half conceal;
 In Death's sad Hour bid gay Mercutio smile,
 Or sportive Philip Austria's Calf revile;
 Else, idly sculptur'd, Hampden's God appears
 A Boast of Wealth, a sight for gaping Peers?
 For while thy Tongue deserts his friendless Brain,
 Thy gen'rous Hand has rear'd his shrine in vain.



*On seeing Miss LANCE interred in Canterbury Cathedral,
Feb. 27.*

REASON may sooth, but strives in vain to heal
The Pang which Sisters, Friends, and Parents feel,
When thus the Fair, the Young, their Joy, their Trust,
Eludes their grasp, and moulders in the Dust.
Faith, Faith alone those Balsams can supply,
That Faith which tells us we shall never die;
Which tells us, Death his conquests shall restore,
And all the Just shall meet to part no more.



EPITAPH *on the late Dr. NUGENT, of Gray's
Inn.*

---“ Though learn'd, not vain,
“ Laborious, yet chearful.”---

GOOD Sense confin'd his narrow View,
Tho' small his *Means*, his *Wants* were few:
Three things he lov'd unto his End,
His Pipe, his Bottle, and his Friend.

E. P.

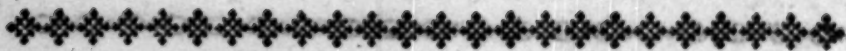
On Butler's monument, perhaps by Mr. Pope; who in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakespeare in Westminster-Abbey, has sufficiently shewn his contempt of *Alderman Barber*, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of "The cloud-capt Towers, &c."

" Thus Britain lov'd me, and preserv'd my fame,
 " Clear from a *Barber's* or a *Benson's* name."

A. POPE.

Pope might probably have suppress'd his satire on the Alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; tho' in the 4th book of the *Dunciad* he has an anonymous stroke at him.

" So by each bard, an Alderman shall fit,
 " A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry wit."
 Respect to Dryden Sheffield justly paid,
 And noble Villars honour'd Cowley's shade:
 But whence this *Barber*? that a name so mean
 Should join'd with *Butler's*, on a tomb be seen:
 This pyramid would better far proclaim,
 To future ages humbler *Settle's* name:
 Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
 The city printer, and the city bard.

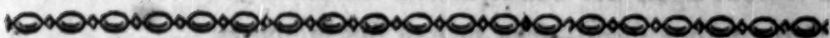


THE following epitaph is transmitted from Barnstaple,
in Devon, where Miss Burton, to whose memory
it is written, died November the 2d, 1771.

Underneath
The library of this church
Resteth
Until the Archangel's trump
Shall summon her to appear
On an immortal stage,
The body of
ELIZABETH BURTON, Comedian ;
Formerly of Drury-Lane,
But late of the Exeter theatre ;
Who exchanged time for eternity
On All Souls day, 1771,
Aged 20 years.
Life's but a walking shadow,
A poor player,
Who struts its hour or two upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.
This small tribute,
To the memory of

As

An amiable young woman,
 An innocent chearful companion,
 And most excellent actress,
 Was placed here by J. FOOTE,
 Manager of the theatre,



LEANDER TO HERO.

By CAPT. THOMPSON,

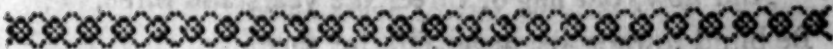
A^H gentle Hero, little dost thou prove
 The pain of absence—and an anxious love:
 Ah may'st thou, beauty, never be distressed,
 Nor feel the pangs in poor Leander's breast!
 Can'st thou so thoughtless of my welfare be,
 To roam with ev'ry nymph—nor think of me?
 To flirt with ev'ry swain—appointments make,
 And only make appointments for to break?
 Hast thou forgot when from this lengthen'd strand,
 I've swam to kiss thy lips and lily-hand?
 Hast thou forgot the dangers I have prov'd,
 And wish'd them more—to be the more lov'd?
 Hast thou forgot the pureness of my flame?
 Is lovely Hero an inconstant dame?

Or has, delighting charmer, some new swain,
 More young, more handsome, more alert, more vain,
 Said softer things in lovely Hero's ear?
 Alas, I freeze—alas, alas, I fear,
 Well, be it so—and be my love untrue,
 I'll love her while the skies are deck'd with blue.
 I'll doat upon her beauties and her parts;
 Point to her mind—the fate of fickle hearts,
 And by a steady passion justly prove,
 That to be happy is to truly love.
 Think, gentle beauty, empress of my mind,
 How we have lov'd—and now to prove unkind,
 Proves ladies passions changeable as wind.
 Curs'd may he be who has disturb'd my peace,
 And with his years may all his ills encrease!
 But bless sweet Hero—with all human joy;
 And when you're smiling on the swarthy boy,
 Bestow on me one thought---one pitying sigh,
 Nor Hero---quite forget our former tie!
 When you have sworn upon my faithful breast,
 (And to my panting heart your heart I've prest)
 No swain your steady-doating soul should move;
 But to forget is easier than to love.
 This to the fickle winds and waves I trust,
 The striking emblems of such fickle dust;

And

And if their great good nature waft it o'er,
 To that sweet paradise, my Hero's shore,
 I'll never stigmatize the faithless wind,
 But swear it's constant---and that you're unkind.

LEANDER.



To her who knows it to be designed for her.

GUARDED by all that's mean, old, ugly, evil,
 By servants, aunts, stale virgins, and the devil,
 Who watch, from far, the hobbling post's approach,
 And hunt each bandbox from the London coach;
 How shall this notice reach thy generous hand?
 How 'scape the ravage of their hostile band?

While these my letters to thy sight refuse,
 Their curious natures still demand---the news;
 Contented there through tales of blood they rove,
 But turn abhorrent from a page of love---
 Come then, St. James! once aid a harmless plot,
 For once deserve the name of---honest Scot!
 'Tis piddling work, nor worthy thee, I own,
 For our rebellion strikes not at a throne.

One,

One,---two;---the post arrives, the paper's dry'd,
 Quick crowd the hearers to the reader's side;
 Her pale, sharp nose, her spectacles ascend,
 Her cats, sweet rivals of her voice, attend:
 A patent lozenge stills her barking cough,
 And then drawls on the tedious female fop.

And now, old hag of threescore years and three,
 Be blind to raptures never felt for thee;
 Ne'er read of eyes that speak, or hopes that glow,
 Or sigh for blessings thou must never know;
 But clip thy corns, the chaplain's fat upbraid,
 Scold callows nurse, and pinch thy humble maid!

At length, with thoughts from hated objects clear,
 My soften'd verse, Euphrasia, greets thine ear;
 It whispers now that all's prepar'd for flight,
 And freedom smiles on Monday's conscious night.
 Soon as the clock that shakes the postern tow'r
 With twelve shrill notes proclaims th' eventful hour,
 North of the church, where, near the beechen glade,
 The moss-grown belfry yields a friendly shade,
 (A place, no window's treach'rous height can view,
 Should rattling wheels awake the venal crew)
 There, screen'd with boughs, the guarded chaise shall pass
 Nor moon beams glitter on its polish'd glass;—
 Aside that spot, where oft, by duty led,
 Thou view'st a tomb that holds a parent dead,

(Whose

(Whose gentle shade, from distant skies will say,
 "Go on, and angels speed my daughter's way!")
 I'll meet thy steps;—and when a lover's care
 Has sooth'd the terrors of my anxious fair,
 Far thence we'll seek the priest, our hands to join,
 And seal our passport to Cythera's shrine.

Yet, ere the hour of trembling bliss arrive,
 From that soft breast each dark suspicion drive;
 For know, from avarice, as from falsehood free,
 Thy wealth, tho' boundless, had no charms for me;
 'Tis true, for this, thy steps yon walls enclose,
 And spies, for this, attend thy night's repose;
 For this alone my splendid rival pants;
 And this, alone, adore thy pious aunts:—
 Wealth, wealth enslav'd thee;—but for sordid ore,
 Distress'd Euphrasia had been free, tho' poor.—
 Yet wherefore curse it? wherefore now complain?
 The wealth that forg'd, assists to break the chain,

Farewell! and think, (for soon these hasty lines
 A nameless hand to Baldwin's care resigns)
 Thou next shalt own me (would the doubt were past!)
 Blest in thy bed, or stretch'd upon my last.—
 Should wakeful malice spread th' accurs'd alarm;
 To stop our way should drowsy rusticks arm,
 My friends despise the troop thy house affords,
 Their cank'red musquets, or their pointless swords:—

At

At least—the ground, where now thy mother lies,
 Where lasting slumbers veil thy sister's eyes,
 And thousands yet may drop their load of pains—
 Shall aid our flight, or shroud my pale remains.

Aug. 3. 1775. *****

~~~~~

LAMBETH FERRY.

A new Song to an old Tune.

I.

**Y**E church made macaronni beaux,  
 Who neither preach or bury,  
 With Parson Horne and his French clothes,  
 Come cross o'er Lambeth-ferry :  
 There you shall find that holy place  
 All rantum scantum merry,  
 The bishop too with much less grace  
 Than John that plies the ferry.

II.

This was a Gothic stupid house,  
 With walls as thick as Ilion \*,  
 The poor Lord Bishop such a mouse,  
 He knew not a cotillon.

He

\* This is to inform the clergy that Ilion was Troy, famous for her thick walls.



He cram'd the parish then with prayer,  
 But now we're fill'd with cherry,  
 Come trim up now each face of care,  
 And cross o'er Lambeth-ferry.

## III.

Ye holy dogs, this is the place,  
 Where none need cuff the cushion,  
 Come here and shew each hot-punch face,  
 The pulpit you may push in.  
 This pulpit has no sounding board,  
 The velvet yet will stir ye,  
 Where you may kneel with our good Lord,  
 By crossing Lambeth-ferry,

## IV.

We've masquerades, and each gay thing,  
 And prizes in the lott'ry,  
 And now, in spite of Georgy \* King,  
 He's chaplain to the Cot'rie.  
 We've articles too thirty-nine,  
 Which won't at all deter ye,  
 They're all mix'd up with Bourdeaux wine,  
 For those who cross the Ferry.

## V.

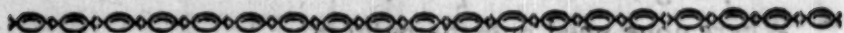
This new church doctrine all admire,  
 Th' orthodox Savoir Vivre,  
 It frights ye not with flames of fire,  
 And nobody now will leave her.

These

\* This pious man is said to have written a letter of advice to the gilliant bishop.



These orders are the true bon-ton,  
 And such as will prefer ye,  
 Then quit your psalms, and sing this song,  
 And cross o'er Lambeth-ferry. E. T.



## A NEW SONG.

*To the Old Tune of "O my Kitten, my Kitten."*

I.

O My Yankee, my Yankee,  
 And O my Yankee, my sweet-ee,  
 And was its nurse North asham'd  
 Because such a bantling hath beat-ee?  
 And did he pray think to q'erlay it,  
 Or please it with sugar in tea-dish;  
 Did Georgy, its naughty papa,  
 Think also to rob it of sea-fish?

CHORUS.

And here little Putnam goes up,  
 And here little Gagee goes down-ee,  
 Here we advance and retreat,  
 And all for the good of the crown-ee.

At

## II.

At Concord the baby first wak'd,

But there was no bubby or pap-pee,  
And the child with the noise only quak'd,

So to Boston it went for a nap-pee;  
But there the sweet babe had the pouts.

Nor could the four nurses appease it,  
Or get it enough of clean clouts,

So much did these generals tease it.

And here little Putnam, &c.

## III.

To Charles-Town it next cry'd to go,

At something it wanted to gaze-ee,  
So, Putnam, to make it a show,

The place he set all in a blaze-ee;  
At last Madam Howe, its new nurse,

Unable to dandle or please it,  
Oft gave it a blow and a curse,

And privately wish'd for to squeeze it.

And here little Putnam, &c.

## IV.

But all could not hush the poor child,

The gen'als, their ladies, and wenches,  
They all the sweet bantling revil'd,

And threw it again in the trenches.

And

And now good nurse Putnam hath got it,

Who swears he will ever befriend it,

For nurse Howe had most certainly shot it,

But he did most bravely defend it.

And here little Putnam, &c.

V.

And now the fair babe shall be nurs'd,

And cherish'd with all that is good-a,

And tho' by Dame North it is curs'd,

Yet Gagee shall not let it blood-a.

Let Georgy do all in his power,

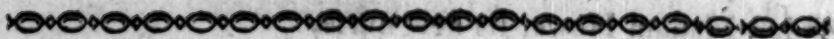
It will not drink green or bohea-a,

The baby shall thrive ev'ry hour,

And America live and be free-a.

And here little Putnam, &c.

E. T.



## TOM AND BETSEY.

**O**F parts and learning—which the wise approve,  
And feelings---such as honour, truth, and love.

—So much for *Tom*, good Sirs; I now shall state,

Some other facts well worth your kind debate:

Know then, there lives a maid, by Coke, 'tis true,

The fairest of her sex—the kindest too;

Dear lovely girl! good heav'n be thy guide,

Improve thy thoughts, and still thy heart divide.

O

O say, all ye! to whom her worth is known,  
Is she not sweet as roses newly blown?  
Possess of charms which every eye admires,  
And every breast at once with love inspires?  
O say!---but hold---'tis meet you now should know,  
For I this fact am well prepared to show,  
That friendly Tom by mighty love subdu'd,  
Felt all his power, and long this damsel woo'd;  
Still as he sigh'd, and all her pity claim'd,  
Increasing beauties more his heart inflam'd?  
But know withal, he play'd so just a part,  
Which won at last,---at last, poor Betsey's heart.  
---Good heav'ns! how fond a passion now they feel,  
And felt, with equal truth, and equal zeal.  
---Good heav'ns! what num'rous pleasures might succeed  
(But where's that hand to do the generous deed?)  
Had Tom and Betsey---but an income clear,  
From fifty, to five hundred pounds a-year!  
Nor laws, nor cases, do I mean to quote,  
But worthy friends, *en passant*, please to note;  
That tho' this pair, have souls by taste refin'd,  
And both to wedlock at this time inclin'd---  
That tho' their breasts with social feelings glow,  
Just in their bloom and strangers yet to woe:  
Yet all their hopes, for independant ease,  
Rests on their pow'r, some wayward friends to please;  
And since those friends on whom they both rely,  
Oppose their bliss---and every aid deny,

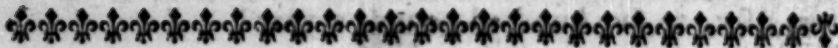
It



It is from thence, alas ! some doubts arise,  
And meet to act as counsel may advise.

Grant then their hearts by gentle love are ty'd,  
And grant they're bound by plighted faith beside;  
Yet lost to friends, and lost to fortune too,  
What must in such a case this couple do ?  
They pray you, Sirs, think you this pair should wed,  
And at all hazards run from church to bed ?  
At once thus putting ev'ry friend to proof,  
And tho' they one and all should stand aloof,  
Still blest and blessing, live like man and wife,  
And trust to heaven for the means of life.—  
Or say, what other measures should they take,  
Ah, Sirs ! say this at least for Betsey's sake.

LEGULEIUS.



The PICTURE, an ODE to DELIA.

*In imitation of Anacreon.*—Εἰς τὴν αὐτοῦ σταῖας.

OD. 28.

COME, my Muse, a Venus draw,  
Not the same the Grecian saw,  
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,  
Beauteous offspring of his thought :

No

No fantastick goddess mine,  
Fiction far she does outshine.

Come, my Muse, in order bring,  
On thy gaudy, colour'd wing,  
All the glories of the spring;  
Fetch me lillies, fetch me roses,  
Vi'lets, daiesies, cowslips, posies,  
Of amaranthus, parrot pride,  
Painted pinks, and what beside,  
Does th' embroider'd mead adorn,  
In dewy eve, or grey-ey'd morn,  
Where the fauns and satyrs play,  
In the merry month of May.

Sketch her first from head to toe;  
Not too tall, nor yet too low,  
Fat she must not be, nor lean,  
Let her shape be strait and clean;  
Small her waist, and thence increast,  
Gently swell her rising breast.

Or, my Muse, in order trace,  
All the beauties of her face;  
Paint her skin of ivory,  
Jetty locks, and forehead high,  
Ruby lips, and sparkling eye.  
Draw it sparkling, black and bright,  
(Light'ning flashes so by night)

Q

But

But beware the \* wretch's fate,  
Who dar'd light'ning imitate.

Foolish muse! what hast thou done?  
Scarce the outlines are begun,  
Ere thy pencil's thrown aside:  
'Tis no matter, Love replied,  
At one stroke, behold how I  
Will th' unfinish'd draught supply.

Smiling then he took his dart,  
And drew your picture in my heart.

*D—k—g, Oæ. 18 1773.*



### The LADY'S LAP-DOG.

Written by an Officer in the Army at New-York, 1777.

**A**NIMAL belov'd and beauteous,  
Happy fondling of the fair,  
Well does thy example shew to us,  
What a woman's fav'rites are—  
Toying, trifling, pretty creature,  
Form'd for idleness and ease;  
Such, by sympathy of nature,  
Such as thee, will ever please.

Thou,

\* Salmoneus, vid. Virg. *Æn.* 6. L. 585.

Thou, on cushion soft reclining,  
 Always fed with dainty bits,  
 Snapping, snarling, wheedling, whining,  
 Rival'st beaux, and flatter'st wits.

While the dog of martial spirit,  
 Train'd to chase the mountain boar,  
 Trusting only to his merit,  
 Dirty cur's kick'd out o' door.

Thus the foldier, seeking glory,  
 Courting death in rude alarms,  
 Finds at home the usual story,  
 Some spruce fop in Chloe's arms.

Things like thee, by soft approaches,  
 Fawing, servile, supple arts,  
 Croud their toiletts, fill their coaches,  
 Things like thee possess their hearts.



## S O N G.

FLAVIA! why surmise a pow'r  
 Can with your charms hold equal sway?  
 If e'er my heart the festive hour  
 Was with carousive bumpers gay,

Q<sup>2</sup>

Be



Be witness, Cupid, conscious boy,—  
 Of raptures real or in view,  
 How far more exquisite the joy,  
 —To be alone with you!

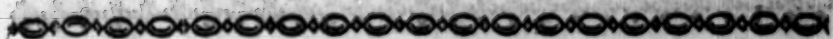
If e'er a nymph at dear Vauxhall,  
 Could touch my senses with alarm,—  
 If e'er at op'ra, play, or ball,  
 My heart confess'd a female charm,—  
 Be witness Cupid, &c.

If e'er in pleasing reverie,  
 I meditate in am'rous strain,  
 Or with the rural maids make free,  
 All wanton on the new-mow'n plain,—  
 Be witness Cupid, &c.

If e'er a dream of fancy's frame,  
 My thoughts did with delight employ,  
 If with a lover's sanguine flame,  
 I e'er partook of genuine joy,—  
 Be witness, Cupid, conscious boy,  
 Of raptures real, or in view,  
 How far more exquisite the joy,  
 ---To be alone with you!

HORATIO.

EPI.



## E P I T A P H,

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.\*

By the late Mr. GRAY.

**H**ERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,  
 Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;  
 His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,  
 Nor envy dar'd to view him with a frown.  
 At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,  
 There first in blood his infant-honour seal'd;  
 From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,  
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.  
 With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,  
 Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps——  
 Ah! gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,  
 Where melancholy friendship bends and weeps.

Q3

A

\* This epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederic Montagu, who intended to have inscrib'd it on a monument at Belleisle, at the siege of which this accomplish'd youth was killed, 1761; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.



*A Sailor's Description of the Masquerade, as played before the King of Denmark to a crouded, motley audience, in the Hay-market.*

By CAPT. THOMPSON.

**L**ITTLE Moll, faith, and I from Wapping came up,  
To see the fine shew and the folks ;  
But for fear of mistakes we thought best for to sup,  
For these courtiers have comical jokes.

When first we came in, I was maz'd to behold,  
Night at once was all chang'd into day :  
The folks seem'd to roll like a vast sea of gold,  
And the gall'ry stuff'd full like a play.

Little Moll dropt a-sterne, being afraid to make sail,  
'Till I at her helm took a spell,  
When whip in a trice she steer'd up within hail,  
Of the devil, just landed from hell.

Lord blefs me, says she, Ben ! where have we got ?  
This company's too good for *we* !  
Sure at home he was cold; and's come here to be hot,  
For such devils I never did see !

The

The devil ! ne'er mind---heave a-head, my dear girl,  
And I'll shew you the King of the crew ;  
Each Duke, every Duchefs---each Lady and Earl,  
And when I bump--do you curts'y too !

Like a tragedy queen, when Moll saw the king,  
Plump on her bare knees she fell down :  
But, by Neptune, I soon made her rise with a spring,  
And swore she knew nought of the town.

We parted---and I, faith, who like to be smart,  
Clapp'd on board of a shepherdess sweet,  
Who, with no other crook than her eyes, hook'd my heart,  
As fast as if prest in the Fleet.

She pull'd me about (till parch'd was my mouth)  
At the rate of ten knots by the log :  
But I soon found this king was no tar---but a youth :  
For he burgundy gave us as grog.

This gay, little shepherdess, faith, was so smart,  
She tow'd me from pillar to post,  
Some call'd me a lubber, unfit for my part,  
And wreck'd on the masquerade coast.

Mandarins and nabobs were as plenty as rice,  
Jews, negroes, banyans, and what not ;  
There were characters purchas'd at ev'ry price,  
Unless the raw, bra', letter'd Scot,



In this ocean of pleasure, egad there were tars,  
 Who ne'er past the buoy of the Nore ;  
 There were soldiers, like \* Hymen, who knew not of wars,  
 And domino fools by the score.

There were pilgrims and quakers, blacks, witches, and  
 nuns,

Minervas without sense or tongue,  
 Who falter'd and lisp'd out some feminine puns :  
 " Do you know me ?"---was all said or sung.

Grave conjurors too, who ne'er conjur'd before,  
 And harlequins, heavy as dross ;  
 Mild night too, who long shone the fun of this shore,  
 But set in the fair Mrs. Ross †.

Old wives were at once to dull gen'ral turn'd,  
 And § Tancred in sorrowful strain,  
 Wept Philip's wrongs---and then instantly burn'd,  
 For Diana from lewd Drury-lane.

There was supper they said---we got nothing to eat ;  
 Here a fort, there a tow'r, here St. Paul ;  
 But all cramm'd, as at short allowance of meat,  
 Gorging garrisons, gardens, and all.

By

\* Personated by Mr. Horneck.

† Behold in character of night

All clad in dark array,

Fanny appears !---the thought how right !---

Fanny has had her day.

§ Old Muiiman.

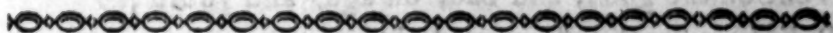
THE MUSE'S MIRROR. 233

By strange kitchen alchymy every dish,  
Seem'd transmuted for Epicure Mammon;  
There was fishified flesh, and fleshified fish,  
A calf's head seem'd a fine jole of salmon.

When I thought I took one thing, another I got,  
The French cook so well knew his trade,  
That every thing look'd like what it was not,  
And the dishes were all masquerade.

There were none lost their wit, there were some lost some  
sweat,

In short 'twas all Hebrew to me;  
So my anchor I tript, with my kind little \* Bet,  
And paid Moll with a top-sail at sea.



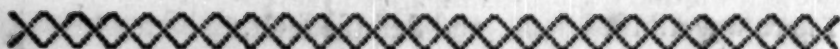
*To the memory of Miss PEACH.*

FAIR was the tree on which the blossom bloom'd,  
So very sweet, the garden it perfum'd---  
When ripe, death saw the fruit within his reach,  
And the fell monster pluck'd the lovely PEACH.

E. T.

R E

\* Mrs. Powell---wife of the celebrated Tragedian.



## R E P R I S A L S.

## A P O E M.

— *Nec Lex est æquior ulla  
Quam Necis Artifices perire sua.*

OVID.

O Hester! they, by whom the shaft is thrown  
At others fame, should have secur'd their own.  
Since you, your spite, with falshood, or with truth,  
Vent on the good, and bad, on age, and youth;  
Religious Sarah justly may deride  
The flights of youth, th' absurdity of pride;  
And her good sister Belle may join her strain,  
And lash the amorous, insolent and vain:  
Crookshanks's life may grace the Christian cause,  
And Berwick's Guild may frame a code of laws:  
Redpath may teach us how to grace a ball,  
And rise an angel at the music's call;  
They who to finished elegance aspire,  
All the fine art from Boram may acquire.

But

But beauteous Hester, thou attracting fair!  
 Might I the heav'nly bliss unenvied share  
 (Bliss so divine, I never should be cloy'd)  
 Which Campbell sixteen years ago enjoy'd,  
 In warm Gibraltar's Cytherèan bowers,  
 Where airs Elysian fann'd the roseate hours;  
 In thee alone my happiness I'd find,  
 And to no other object turn my mind;  
 No mortal should my pointed satire prove,  
 No dagger would I draw but that of love.



## ODE TO FASHION.

**M**OTLEY nymph, whose pow'r we own,  
 Say, where hast thou fix'd thy throne?  
 Does its place Augusta know,  
 Or Versailles, or Fontainebleau?

Can the poet trace thy birth,  
 Searching round the spacious earth?  
 Say, is 'Taste thy parent mild?  
 Does Pleasure own thee for a child?

If the bard the muse inspire,  
 (And he boast of Phœbus' fire;)

Neither



Neither Taste nor Pleasure claim  
As the authors of thy name.

Still is thy real fire unknown——  
But Fancy claims thee for her own.  
Fancy, wanton still and free,  
Gives the stamp of worth to thee.

Nurs'd by her aid in magic bow'r,  
Wond'rous is thy increasing pow'r ;  
Till by her aid thy pigmy size,  
Ev'n with the giant Reason vies.

Full oft he falls before thy stroke,  
And Caution's shield by thee is broke ;  
Whilst sweet Variety attends,  
Each mortal to thy empire bends.

Thine is a sudden, momentary ray.  
Thine a quick rolling stream that glides away,  
Ev'n like the swiftly-passing, winged wind,  
Still changing, ever restless, unconfin'd.

O magic nymph, supreme ! then still on thee,  
And on thy hand-maid, dear Variety,  
Shall all the gay, the glitt'ring tribe attend,  
And lowly at thy shrine continual bend.

Then tho' from thee, and from thy motley reign,  
Reason and wisdom still averse remain,  
Thou shalt unblam'd command our gen'ral voice,  
And the *bon ton* shall vindicate our choice.

To

To her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, in answer to all the absurd and illiberal aspersions cast on the fashionable feathers by churlish old women, ridiculous prudes, and brutish censors.

**W**IT is a feather: this we all admit:  
 But sure each feather in your cap is wit;  
 'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve  
 The smiles of beauty and the bliss of love.  
 Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,  
 And raise the splendor of your charms divine;  
 Such plumes the worth of mighty conqu'rors show,  
 For who can conquer hearts so well as you?  
 When on your head I see those flutt'ring things,  
 I think that Love is there, and claps his wings,  
 Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame;  
 Cupid has feathers; angels wear the same.  
 Since then from heav'n its origin we trace,  
 Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace.

CARLISLE.

On

## ON MORTIMER'S PAINTINGS.

THE fickle fops which range abroad,  
 From artist down to little lord,  
 To pick up sense and taste :  
 Between great London and great Rome,  
 Lose all the good they learnt at home,  
 And ride for vice post haste.

Home they return, with fopp'ries stor'd,  
 Mere artist still, and still mere lord,  
 With some peculiar coat,  
 Or some peculiar little hat,  
 To shrug, to kiss, is all they've pat,  
 And both without a groat.

Name English painting, and they stare,  
 Declare it came from Rome, they swear  
 It's easy to be known ;  
 Tho' Wormsley copied that sweet piece,  
 And this old tale so fam'd in Greece,  
 By Mortimer was drawn.

Tell

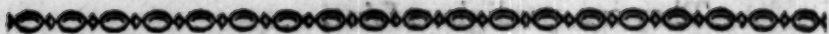
Tell them again by whom they're done,  
O! plainer than the noon-day sun;  
    They cry, prodigious faint,  
The men have genius, but, in short,  
To Rome, to Rome, they must resort,  
    If they would wish to paint.

Thus mode makes fools,—millions I swear  
Are music-mad without an ear,  
    View painting without eyes:  
And yet they're connoisseurs forsooth,  
Because they know old age from youth,  
    Or fish from butterflies.

But Mortimer,—to Rome repair,  
With conscious pride; and shew 'em there,  
    What Englishmen can do.  
The scene will change,—for here they'll come,  
To study, and abandon Rome.  
    To copy greater you.

E. THOMPSON;





*To some Oxford Ladies.*

Ἐνταυθεν ἔχει.

Ἐνταυθεν ἔχει.

SAPPHO.

**S**TART not, ye fair! nor dread the poet's lyre,  
Of sense, of beauty, and of youth the friend;  
No stupid tale to wound, shall here conspire,  
No rude pedantic monitor offend.

Inspir'd by you, he strikes the willing strings,  
To you alone the votive strain is due;  
Those frowns each god beholds with awe, he fings,  
Those smiles each god would quit his heav'n to view,

Hail, gentle W——! and gentler J—— hail!  
Your happy lot must ever envy'd prove;  
Resume again the nosegay and the tail,  
And Pæan chaunt to B——, and to love.

Rescu'd from Time by her's and W——'s charms,  
Those roses bloom in everlasting spring;  
That shock no more the bed-maker alarms,  
Powder'd and queu'd, 'tis quite another thing.

Blest

# THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

241

Blest were ye both, if, with the blooming flow'rs,  
 Fair youth in one would blossom ever gay,  
 If with his hair, in one the mental pow'rs,  
 Would, Sampson-like, returning strength display.

Vain is the wish : fix lustres' envious weight,  
 O W— ! eclipse the glories of thy face ;  
 And twice six lustres on thy hoary pate,  
 Will never give thee, chuckle J—, Grace.

Ah ! frown not, W—, on the sportive bard,  
 Those charms divine his every thought controul ;  
 Still while thou frown'st those charms he must regard,  
 And bless the cruel eyes that freeze his soul.

And thou, dear maid ! whose sweet enchanting smiles,  
 Thy mirthful youth and innocence declare ;  
 Caught as he is in love's ensnaring toils,  
 Those heav'nly smiles must drive him to despair.

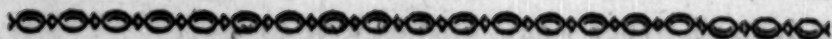
Nor rich he is, nor yet of high degree,  
 Ambition never taught his wish to soar ;  
 His boldest wish could ne'er aspire to thee,  
 But lost in hopeless silence must adore.

Farewell ! and long unrivall'd may ye reign  
 Over all hearts as over his supreme ;  
 Your beauteous contrast ever shall remain  
 The scholar's subject, and the poet's theme.

MERCUTIO.

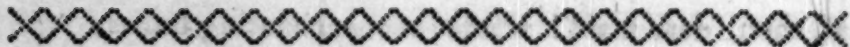
R

An



An EPITAPH on OTHO, buried at Acton,  
June 1, 1775, at the expence of Mr. Hobbs.

**B**ENEATH this sod great Otho lies,  
But reader!—let not that surprise:  
Great folks are laid on hills and bogs,  
Merits he had—a number too,  
And when he bade this world adieu,  
Otho was emperor——of dogs.

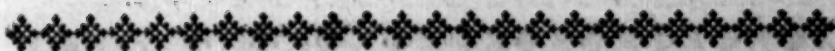


ON COLMAN'S TERRENCE.

**W**HEN Terrence liv'd, 'twas thought a merit,  
To imitate Menander's spirit,  
But how superior is that wit,  
Where Colman mends what Terence writ.

E. T.

A



## A NUPTIAL SONG.

By a Happy Husband to his Wife.

**B**LESS'D with sense, with temper blest,  
 Wisdom o'er thy lips presides;  
 Virtue guards thy generous breast,  
 Kindness all thy actions guides.  
 Every home-felt bliss is mine;  
 Every matron grace is thine:  
 Chaste deportment, artless mien,  
 Converse sweet, and heart serene,  
 Sinks my soul with gloomy pain?  
 See, she smiles!—'Tis joy again!  
 Swells a passion in my breast?  
 Hark! she speaks; and all is rest,  
 Oft as clouds my path o'erspread,  
 (Doubtful where my steps should tread)  
 She with judgment's steady ray,  
 Marks and smooths the better way:  
 Love! what hast thou more to give,  
 Or, thou, friendship—to receive!  
 Libertines your boasts forego;  
 These are joys you ne'er can know!





*Lines deliver'd at Ranelagh, by a Masque in the character of a Gardener.*

**A** Gardener I come to this gay masquerade,  
Nor like you waste my time, but am minding my  
trade.

I fancy my garden is now in my view—  
Painted ladies in plenty, and coxcombs not few;  
Each tint with which nature bedecks my gay bed!—  
But here art takes the lead, and bestows white and red;  
Yet, for aiming at more than is fairly her due,  
Her admirers from me shall have nothing but rue.

My lillies, my roses, dare hither repair,  
My rose keeps its crimson, the lilly's still fair;  
But let beauty not paint,—drop each mask, lift each veil,  
Then blush will my lillies, my roses turn pale:  
So take them, ye belles, and believe, for I know  
A gard'ner can please you as well as a beau.



## REYNARD'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

## An EPIGRAM

\* CHARLES reads the papers—deems 'tis true  
That Gallia's monarch is turn'd Jew,  
By manual operation ;  
So, thinking Hebrew King would lend  
More than a Christian fop could spend,  
He visits the French nation.

With Broker Franklin to Versailles  
He carried bags of Congress tales  
To forward his intent ;  
But—Hebrew King their offers spurn'd,  
“ With tail 'tween legs the Fox return'd ”  
As empty as he went.

\* The Hon. Mr. C. Fox on his going to Paris, in 1776.

TO Miss -----, WALNUT-TREE WALK.

THE dewy morn her saffron mantle spreads  
High o'er the brow of yonder eastern hill;  
Each blooming shrub a roseat fragrance sheds,  
While the brisk sky lark sings his carol shrill.

Now, where the willows to the riv'let bend  
That winds its channel thro' the verdant mead,  
I'll o'er the turf my waining form extend,  
And rest on sedges dank my anxious head.

Not all the sweets that scent the morning air,  
Not all the flow'rs that paint the vernal year,  
Can ease my bosom of its weighty care,  
Or teach my eye to stop the falling tear.

In vain the stream o'er pebbles glides along,  
And murmurs, sweetly lulling, as it flows;  
In vain the stock-dove chants the warbling song,  
Inviting slumbers soft and kind repose.

'Tis not Eliza's scorn, Eliza's pride,  
That sinks my hopes in everlasting night;  
No charms to her the lavish gods deny'd,  
Who form'd her perfect, as they form'd her bright.

If

If crowding myriads arm'd for deadly war,  
Held from my longing eyes my bosom's queen ;  
And kept her deep in gloomy caves afar,  
While mountains rose, and oceans flow'd between,

“ I might not force thro' spears and swords my way,

“ I might not reach secure the distant shore ;

“ Yet, urg'd by Venus, I'd provoke the fray,

“ Or perish bravely in the tumult's roar.

“ When fell ambition drives us to the plain,

“ Dismay'd by fear the doubting squadrons move ;

“ But I alike should certain pleasure gain,

“ To fall, or conquer for the maid I love.”

Ye fairy forms of gay delusion, hence !

Your flattering visions but encrease my smart ;

I'll hear the sacred voice of manly sense,

And quell my passion, tho' I break my heart.

How frail my vows ! my fix'd resolves how vain !

No daring arm the power of love can brave ;

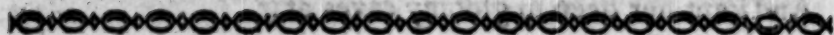
One thought of Betsey wounds my love again,

Renews my woes, and binds me more her slave.

Lambeth, May 2, 1777.

CELADON.





*On the talk'd of Marriage of Lord March with the fair  
Lady HARRIET STANHOPE.*

## I.

SAY, Jockey Lord, advent'rous Maccaroni,  
So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff and starch,  
Why quit the amble of thy paceing poney?  
Why on a filly risk the fame of March?

## II

Consult th' equestrian bard, wise Chiron Beever,  
Or Dr. Heber's learned sybil leaves,  
And they, true members of the *Scavoir Vivre*,  
Will tell the wond'rous things that love receives.

## III.

Why in the spavin of your days, sweet Sir,  
Attempt to draw on Cupid's little boot,  
Let Jockey Grosvenor's fate, alas! deter,  
Oh, think, Newmarket Lord, what things may sprout.

Few

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

249

IV.

Few tits, perhaps, were ever higher bred,  
What shoulders, limbs! you know, my Lord, the  
    staunch is;  
She's fresh from pasture, never back'd or fed,  
For you, she should be thrown upon her haunches.

V.

Ah think, 'squire groom, instead of Pembroke's bits,  
An abler rider oft has lost his seat,  
Young should the Jockey be who mounts such tits,  
Or he'll be run away with every heat.

VI.

Stick to the Jockey club, attend your bard,  
Nor ever think of dancing love's cotillon;  
For Ligonier, who gallop'd quite as hard  
Was double distanc'd by his own postillion.



*On a certain Cornish Borough with its new Charter.*

**B**OROUGHS beware! for if you lose your charters,  
Your loss may be repair'd with stars and garters;  
But know that stars beyond a certain height,  
Give to weak mortals neither heat nor light:  
Say, ye who squander what your fathers won,  
What need of garters, when the stocking's gone?

Old

Old Ratcliff's patient, oft complaining, said,  
Sir, I have aching limbs and aching head.  
The shrewd physician felt his pulse, and then  
Call'd for new paper, and prescrib'd agen;  
But still the drugs and dose were just the same,  
He alter'd not the medicines, but the name.  
Once on a time a pregnant bitch desir'd  
The fox to lend his kennel—so 'twas hir'd.  
The bitch lay down—was quickly brought to bed;  
Her yelping litter o'er the straw was spread.  
But the fox, fearing lest the numerous brood  
Should grow so mighty soon to be withstood,  
Wish'd that the strangers might themselves withdraw;  
The fox his right, the strangers pleaded law.  
But the old bitch with puppies now full grown,  
Drove out the fox, and call'd his den their own.  
Three mighty powers alike to plunder prone,  
On Poland prey, and Poland's Prince dethrone;  
With neither right nor reason on their side,  
They keep the kingdom, and the spoil divide:  
But if we mind sage Solomon's decree,  
Who splits the child, the father ne'er can be.

C.

The

*The elegant and poetical little Sonnet of Signor Abbate  
Buondelmonte.*

“ **S**PESSO amor sotto la forma  
 “ D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;  
 “ Poi si mischia, e si confonde  
 “ Con lo sdegno, e col rancor,  
 “ In pietade ei si trasforma;  
 “ Par trastullo, e par dispetto;  
 “ Ma nel suo diverso aspetto  
 “ Sempr' egli, e l'istesso amor.”

A Latin translation, or rather an imitation of the above  
 by the celebrated Mr. Gray, in a letter to his friend  
 Mr. West,

“ Lufit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,  
 “ Et bene compositâ veste ferfellit amor.  
 “ Mox iræ assumfit cultus, faciemque minantem,  
 “ Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas;  
 “ Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;  
 “ Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

VARANES.

*Verses*



*Verses addressed to Miss Donaldson, at Drontheim, in Norway.*

WHILE Donaldson with gay delight,  
 Among the Gothic fair appears,  
 As Cynthia in a cloudless night,  
 Serene amidst the meaner stars :  
 Like the poor bard of Thrace I rove,  
 Forlorn, and weep my absent love.

No more I visit Glenco's vale,  
 Where shepherds meet in social glee ;  
 Where oft thy beauty grace their tale ;  
 Where oft they sing of love and thee :  
 No more I hunt in shades unseen,  
 My goddess hid, my rural queen.

But like that injur'd Cretan maid,  
 Who lorn on desert Naxos stood,  
 And saw her Theseus' sails display'd,  
 His swift bark plow th' Ægean flood :  
 I hopeless live, by love undone,  
 And haunt the shores, and weep alone.

Unless

Unless at eve, in sweeter strains,  
My sad plaint Progne's sister join ;  
When echo tells the distant plains,  
Of Tereus' cruelty and thine :  
But, ah ! my bosom trebly glows  
With Philomela's fabled woes.

Not all the love and anxious cares,  
That racks the fond maternal breast,  
Whose darling son pursues the wars,  
And dangers of the farthest East :  
Nor grief of childless Niobe,  
Can equal what I feel for thee.

Soon as the hov'ring shades of night,  
Are westward driv'n by jocund day,  
I rise, and from some cheerless height,  
Afar the shipless waves survey ;  
And to the senseless floods complain,  
Of hopeless love and cold disdain.

Or on some cliff that beetles o'er  
The margin of the boist'rous deep,  
I sit and hear the billows roar,  
And with the love-lorn echo weep,  
'Till the bright evening star appears,  
And Cynthia witness to my tears.

In old-time each revolving night,  
Fair Hero from the turret high,  
Her cresset hung, whose chearful light  
Far streaming thro' the darken'd sky,  
Was young Leander's faithful guide  
O'er Hellespont's rough billowy tide.

But tho' from some cloud-kissing tow'r,  
Thy lamp, like Vesper's evening star,  
Shone for my Tyrian Cynosure ;  
Yet, ah ! what shipless lover dare,  
The wild waves of the Norway sea,  
And ev'ry ship's deny'd to me.

Come then while now propitious gales,  
Swift Eurus wings from eastern skies,  
For sea-girt Albion spread thy sails,  
Nor fear that adverse winds arise ;  
And pitiless at Neptune's shrine,  
Devote that sacred head of thine.

For Venus o'er her native seas,  
Shall guide the bark from dangers free ;  
And Æol temper ev'ry breeze,  
And Nereus smoothe the waves for thee ;  
For thee shall Cynthia nightly rise,  
Illume the deep and gild the skies.

Chaste

Chaste Queen of Stars, when thund'ring Jove,

Endymion curs'd with endless sleep,

She veil'd in clouds and led by love,

Sought the dear youth on Latmus' steep ;

And on her unpolluted breast,

Pillow'd his head to sweeter rest.

But thou art cold as polar snow,

And Cynthia's kindness laugh't to scorn ;

Thy Scythian heart nor feels for woe,

Nor yields to love the least return :

For years I've mourn'd thy fierce disdain,

Unpitied sigh'd, and weep'd in vain.

Go then, my verse, that soft'ning fire,

To Peggy's frozen breast impart,

Which tun'd the Thracian poet's lyre,

And melted Pluto's stubborn heart ;

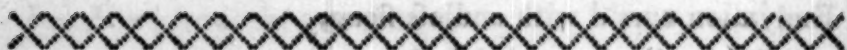
With which the Paphian goddess strung

The Lesbian lute, when Sappho sung.

J. H.

*Fortuna.*





*Fortuna fortes meluit, ignavos premit.*

SEN.

**W**HETHER from fate, or some more potent cause,  
 The necks of Britons must submit to laws ;  
 By wicked means combin'd to give us pain,  
 In this polluted and inglorious reign,  
 With some it doubtful is ; with me 'tis clear,  
 From destiny we nothing have to fear.  
 Britons themselves must blame ; alas ! there lies  
 The source of all our griefs, and louder cries ;  
 Purge from the land those lubbers of the state,  
 Statesmen, and senators deserving hate ;  
 Like Pharaoh's cattle they disgrace the soil,  
 In one year eating up a seven year's toil :  
 No wonder that the land is always starving,  
 When, of all things, such wretches have the carving.

16 JY 63

T.L.

*The End of the First VOLUME.*

THE  
MUSE'S MIRROR.



W A S H I N G W E E K.

To Capt. George Thompson—by Capt. E. Thompson,  
Kew, May 25, 1765.

**I**N this, dear George, we both agree,  
(You bred in camp, I bred at sea,)   
That cleanliness is oft'

A curfed plague about a house,  
And always met our juſt abuſe,

When young with Mrs. \* Croft.

VOL. II.

B

But

\* An old, good lady, who kept a lodging houſe in Beverly, with whom the author boarded when at that ſchool under the Rev. Mr. Clarke.